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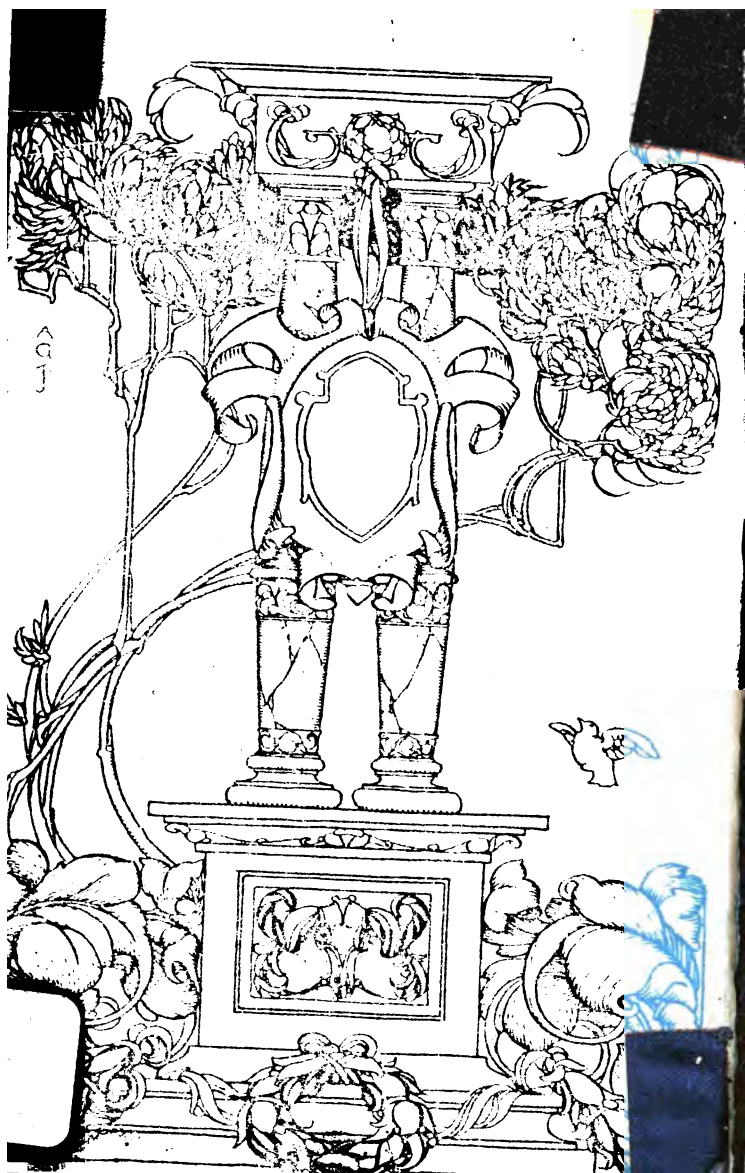
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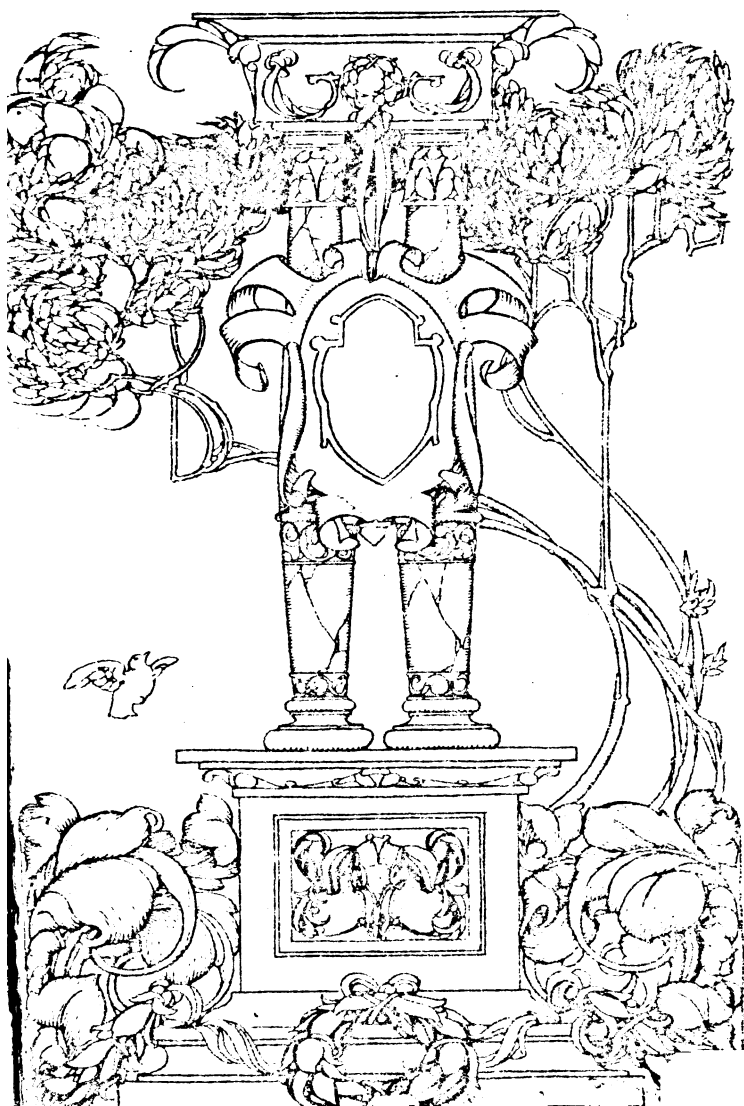
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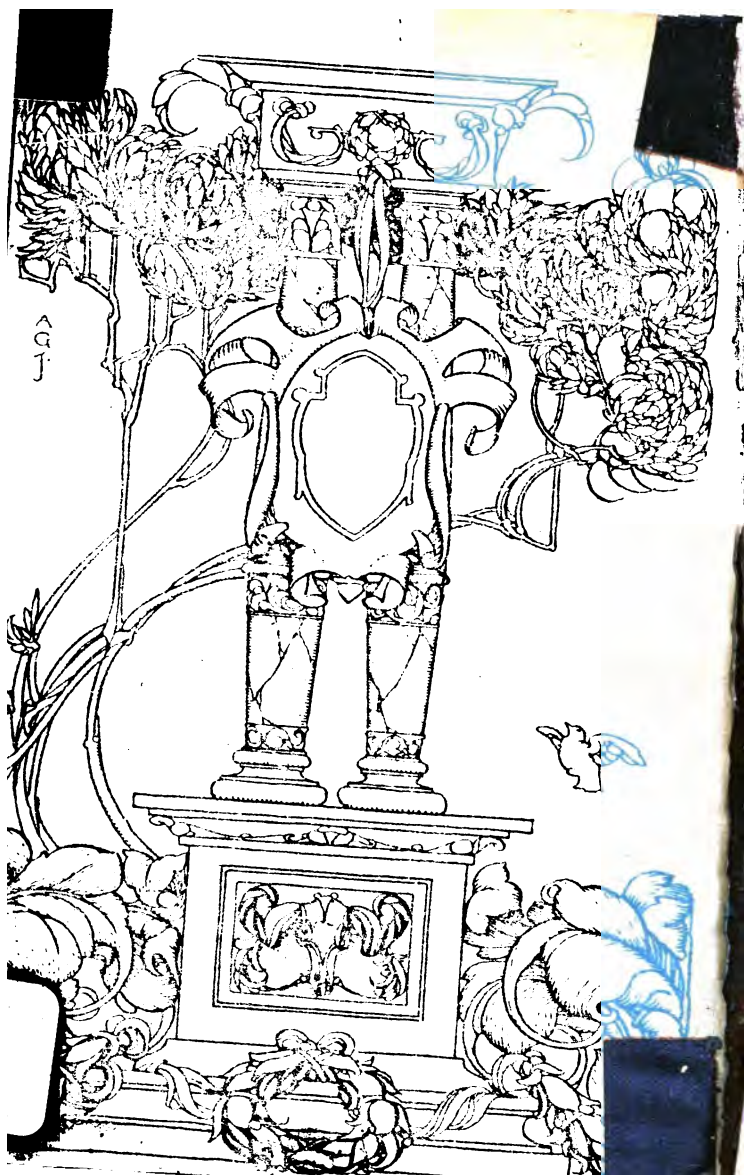
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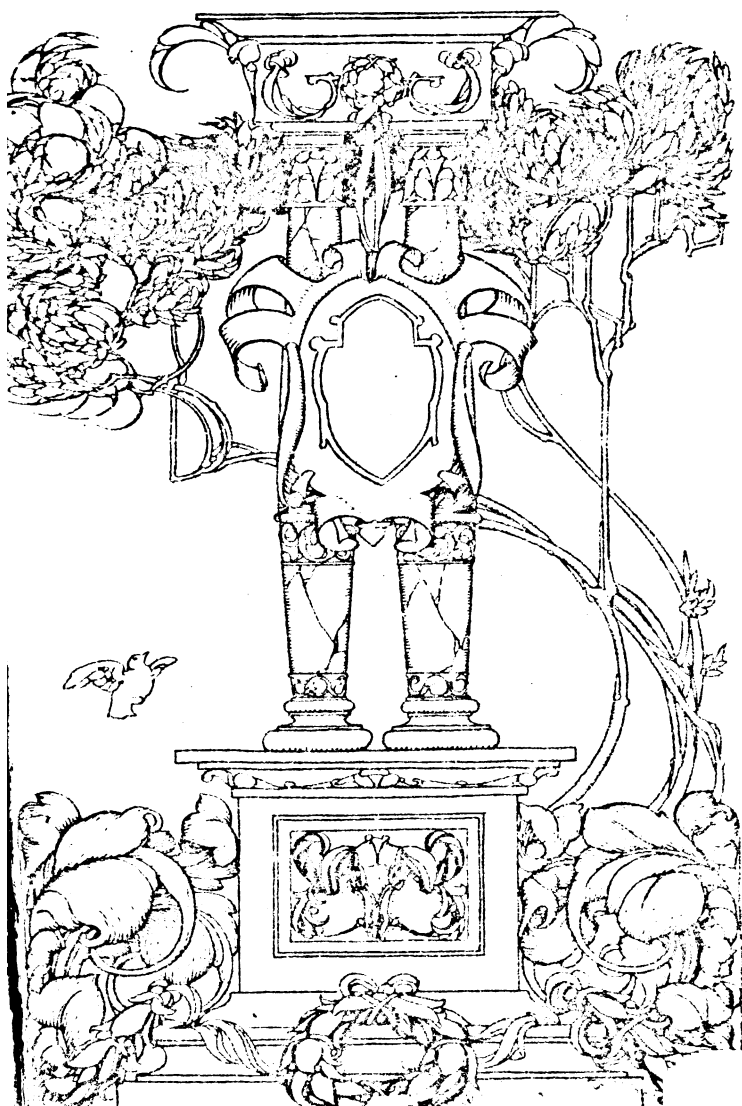
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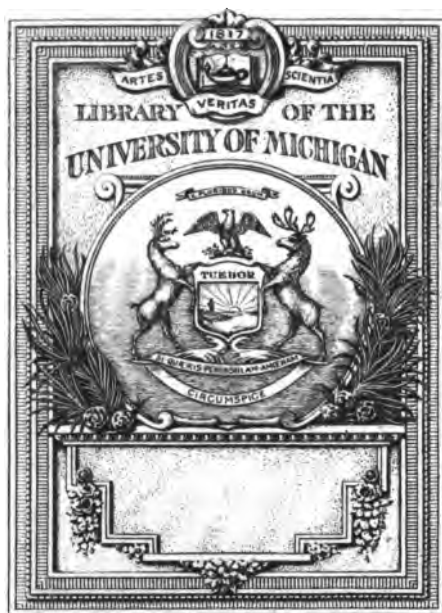






A G J







1. John of B & Sons
2. Saladyen - Rosader
3. Rosader - Torimond's Court & Rosalynde
4. Saladyen - Rosader
5. Torimond - Ros.
6. Ros. Alinda in Arden
7. Saladyen - Rosader
8. Rosader - Spencer - Gerimond's in
Arden
9. Saladyen - Torimond
10. Rosader - Ganimede in Arden
Folies & Rosalynde
11. Saladyen - Rosader in Arden
12. S.R - A.R in Arden
Now main 4 sons together
- 13

most interesting when
Salandyn is in it.



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as hell.

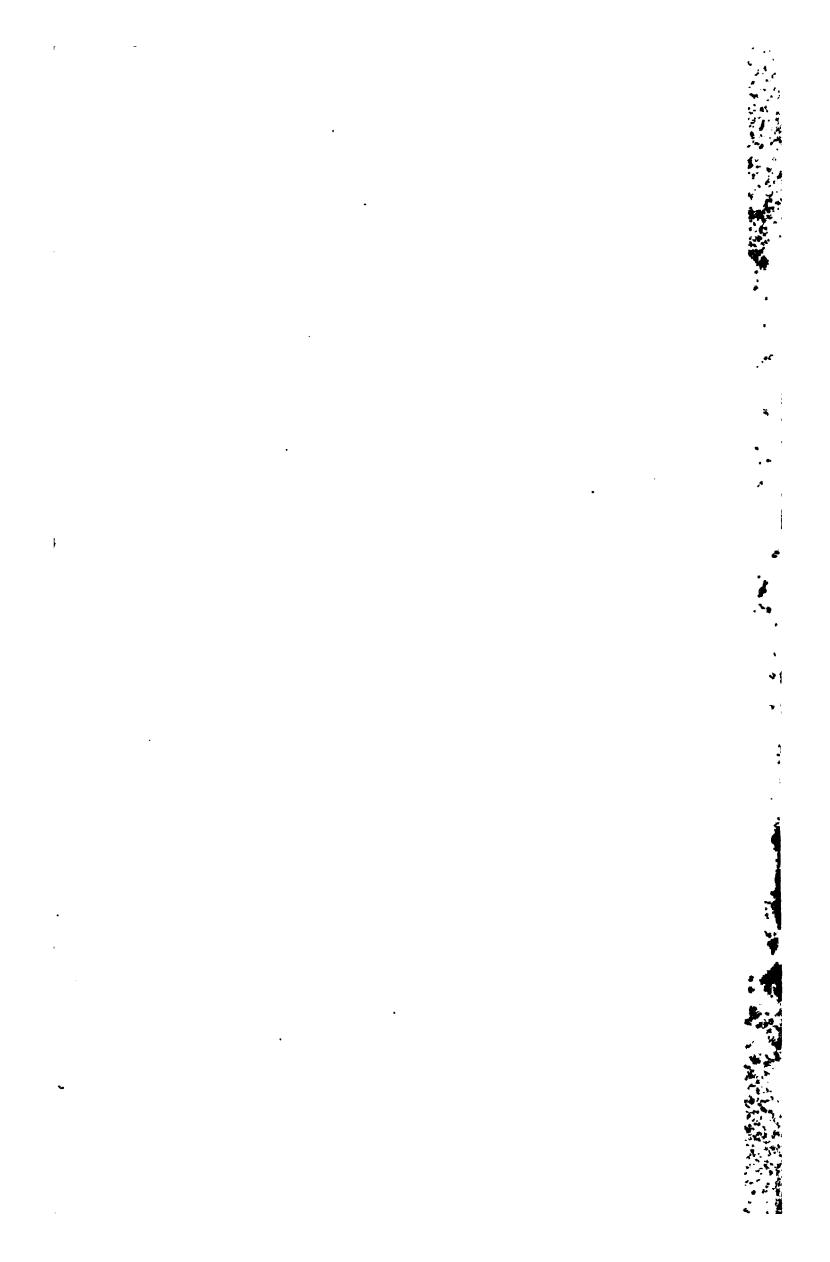
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verisimilitude both
in character and
setting.

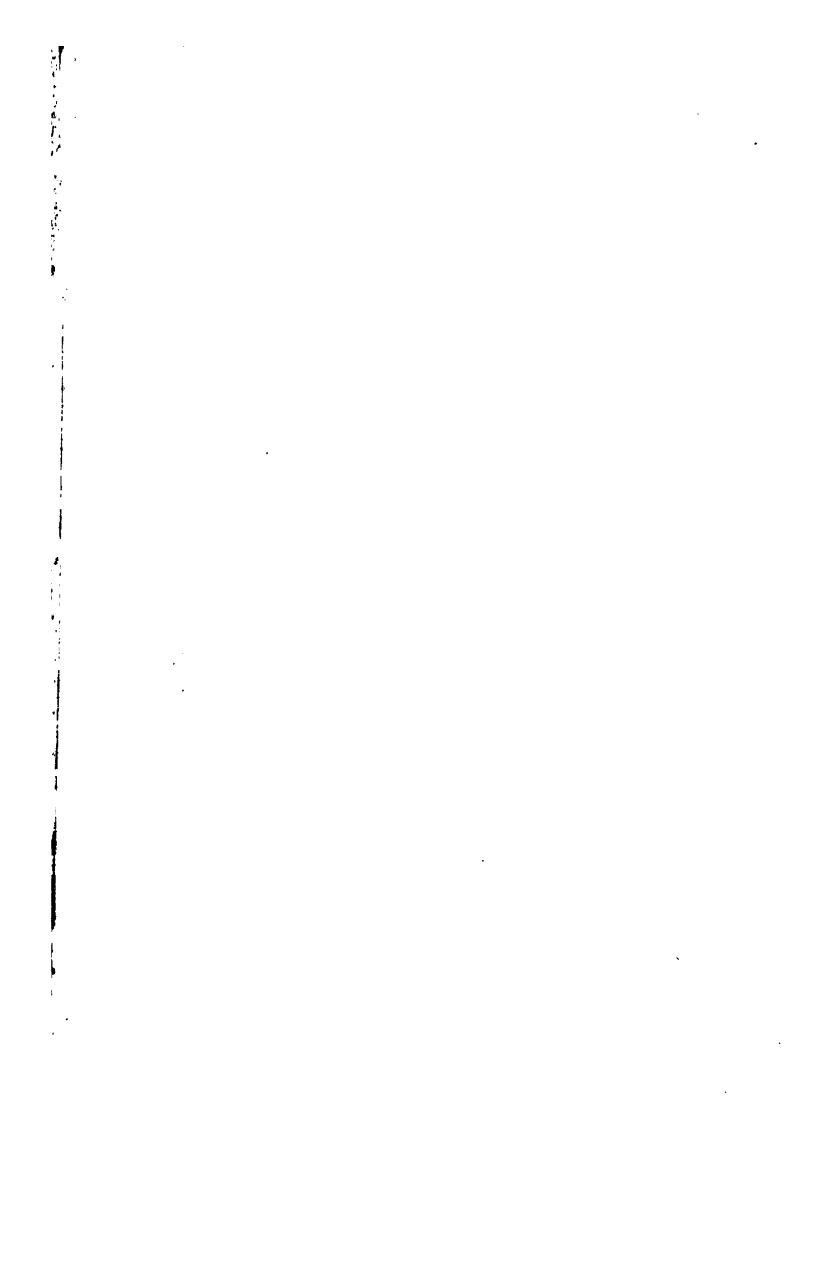
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LODGE'S
ROSALYNDE







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OF
MICH.

ROSALYNDE

Euphues golden Legacie,
found after his death in
his Cell at Silexedra

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*sonnes, nursed up with their
Father in England*

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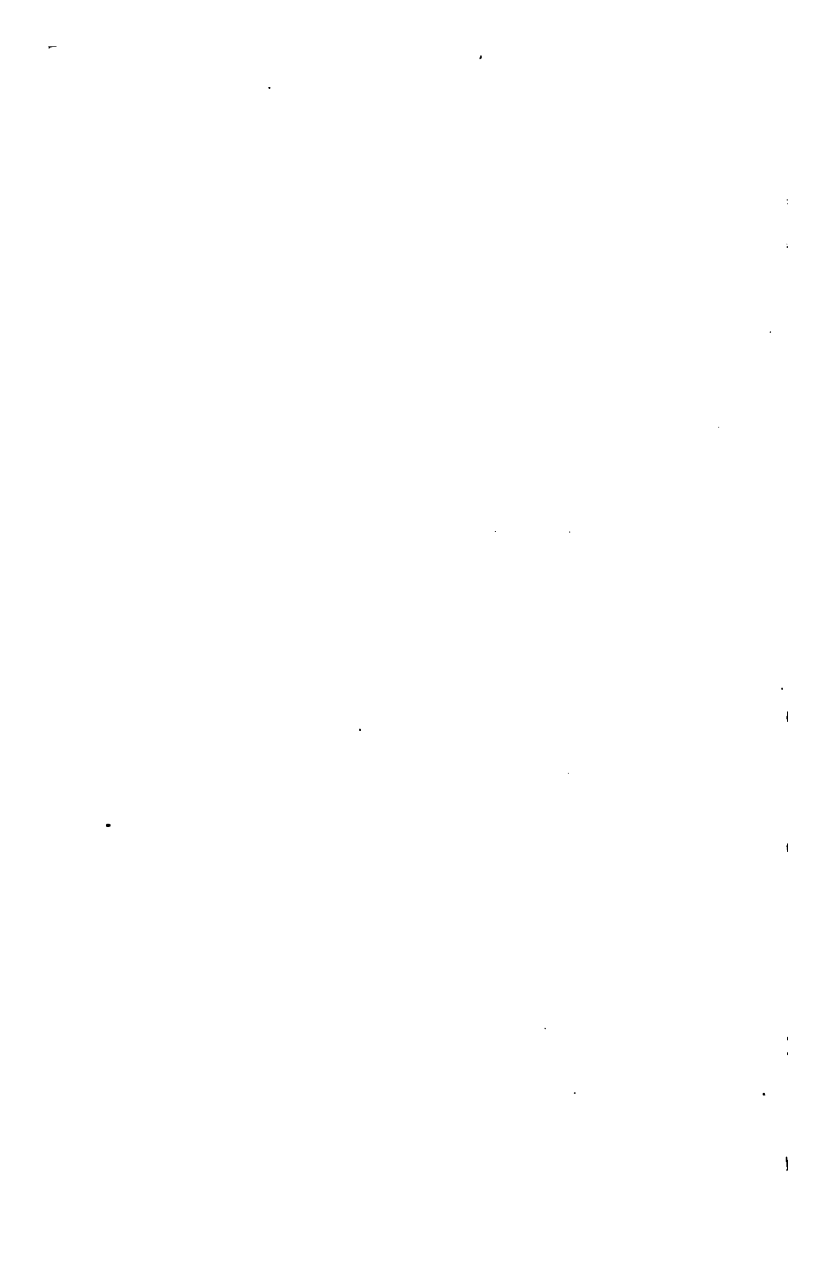
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THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE

To the Right Honorable and his
most esteemed Lord the Lord of
Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlaine to her
Majesties houshold, and Governor
of her Towne of Barwicke: T. L. G.
wisheth increase of all honourable
vertues.

Such Romanes (right honorable) as delighted
in martiall exploits, attempted their actions in
the honour of Augustus, because he was a patron
of souldiors : and Virgil dignified him with his
poems, as a Mœcenas of schollers ; both joyntly
advancing his royaltie, as a prince warlike and
learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas present her
with bayes as she is wise, and with armour as
she is valiant ; observing heerein that excellent
το προπον, which dedicateth honours according
to the perfection of the person. When I entred

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE

(right honorable) with a deepe insight into the consideration of these premisses, seeing your L. to be a patron of all martiall men, and a Mœcenas of such as apply themselves to studie, wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay, and aiming with Augustus at the favour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde, being myselfe first a student, and afterwards falling from bookes to armes, even vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect your Lordshippe. Having with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour I writ this booke ; rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the woorke of a souldiour and a scholler, I presumed to shrowd it under your honors patronage, as one that is the fautor and favourer of all vertuous actions ; and whose honorable loves, growne from the generall applause of the whole common-welth for your higher desertes, may keepe it from the mallice of every bitter toong. Other reasons more particular (right honourable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your Lordshippe, as being a scholler with your two noble sonnes, Maister Edmund Carew, and M. Robert Carew, (two siens worthy of so honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruite) as also being

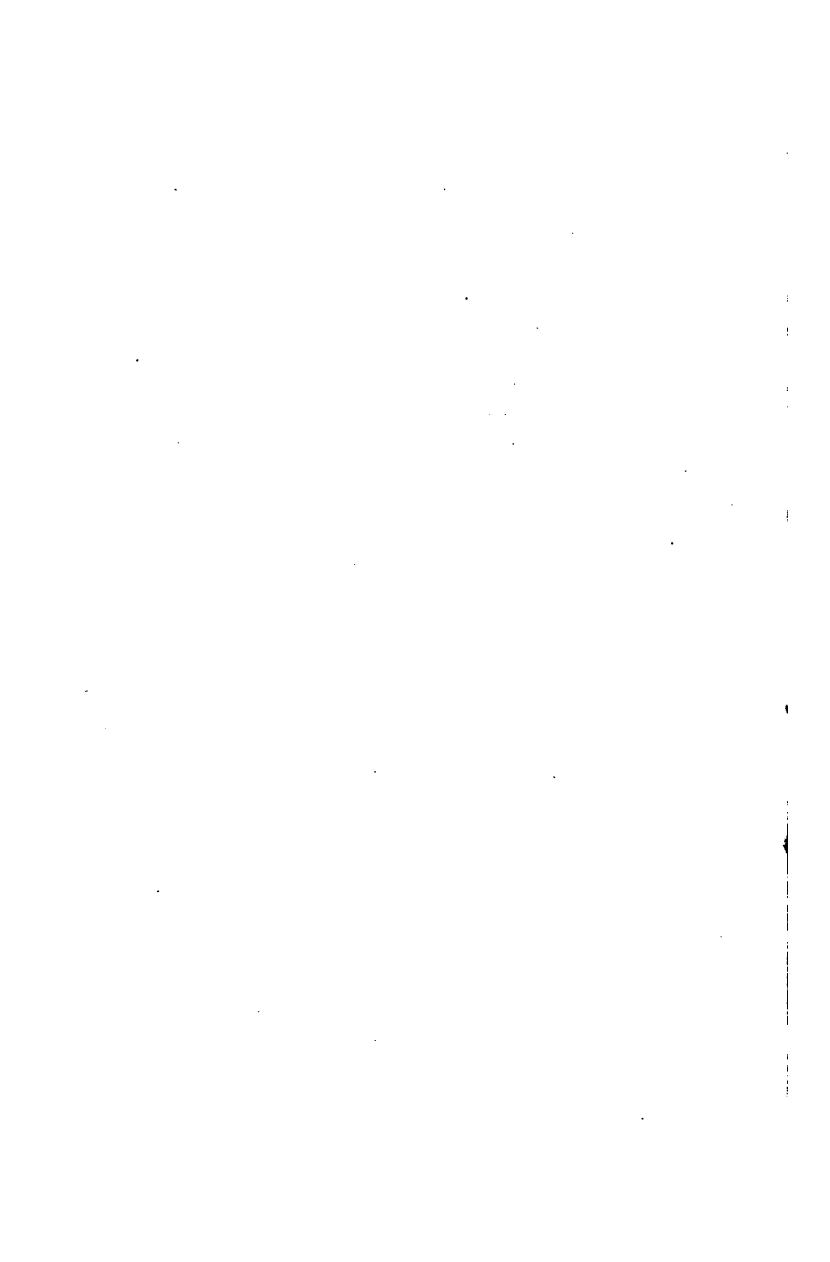
THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE

scholler in the Universitie under that learned and vertuous knight Sir Edward Hobby, when he was Batcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered as well borne, and, after the etymologie of his name, soaring as high as the winges of knowledge can mount him, happie every way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honor of so vertuous a lady. Thus (right honourable) the duetie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father; for where the braunches are so pretious, the tree of force must be most excellent. Commaunded and imboldened thus, with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreate your honour will vouch of my labours, and favour a souldiers and a schollers penne with your gracious acceptance, who answeres in affection what he wants in eloquence; so devoted to your honour, as his only desire is, to ende his life under the favour of so martiall and learned a patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships curtesie, in deyning the patronage of my worke, I cease, wishing you as many honorable fortunes as your L. can desire or I imagine.

Your honors souldiour most

humbly affectionate :

THOMAS LODGE.



TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS

GENTLEMEN, looke not heere to finde anie sprigs of Pallas bay tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous lawreat, nor the pleasing vaine of any eloquent orator : *Nolo altum sapere*, they bee matters above my capacitie : the coblers checke shal never light on my heade, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* ; I will go no further than the latchet, and then all is wel. (Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtaxe, not boght with the allurement of a filed tongue.) To bee briefe, gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, when everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it, so ; and yet I will bee yours in duetie, if you be mine in favour. But if Momus or any squinteied

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS

asse, that hath mighty eares to conceive with Midas, and yet little reason to judge, if he come aboard our barke to find fault with the tackling, when hee knowes not the shrowds, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollax, that sawe no sunne this seaven yeare, and either well ~~bebest~~ him, or heave the cockescombe over boord to feed cods. But curteous gentlemen, that favour most, backbite none, and pardon what is overslipt, let such come and welcome; Ile into the stewards roome, and fetch them a kanne of our best bevradge. Well, gentlemen, you have Euphues Legacie. I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceras, and therefore read it: censure with favour, and farewell.

Yours, T. L.

THE SCEDULE ANNEXED TO EUPHUES
TESTAMENT, THE TENOUR OF HIS
LEGACIE, THE TOKEN OF HIS LOVE

The vehemency of my sicknes (Philautus) hath made mee doubtfull of life, yet must I die in counsailing thee like Socrates, because I love thee. Thou hast sons by Camilla, as I heare, who being yong in yeres have green thoghts, and nobly born have great minds: bend them in their youth like the willow, least thou bewayle them in their age for their wilfulnes. I have bequeathed them a golden legacie, because I greatly love thee. Let them read it as Arche-laüs did Cassender, to profit by it; and in reading let them meditate, for I have approved it the best methode. They shall find love anatomized by Euphues with as lively colours as in Appelles table: roses to whip him when he is wanton, reasons to withstand him when he is wilie. Here may they read that vertue is the king of labours, opinion the mistres of fooles; that vanitie is the pride of nature, and contention the overthrow of families. here is ~~elaborus~~,
elaborus,

THE SCEDULE

bitter in taste, but beneficial in triall. (I have nothing to sende thee and Camilla but this counsel, that in stead of worldly goods you leave your sons vertue and glorie; for better were they to bee partakers of your honours then lords of your mannors.) I feele death that summoneth me to my grave, and my soule desirous of his God. Farewell, Philautus, and let the tenor of my counsaile be applyed to thy childrens comfort.

Euphuus dying to live.

If any man find this scrowle, send it to Philautus in England.

ROSALYNDE

THERE dwelled adjoyning to the cittie of Bordeaux a knight of most honourable parentage, whome Fortune had graced with many favors, and Nature honoured with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in deciphering the riches of their bounties.

Wise he was, as holding in his head a supreme concept of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all civil government ; and to make his wisdom more gracious, he had that *salem ingenii*, and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Ulysses : his valour was no lesse then his witte, nor the stroke of his launce no lesse forcible than the sweetnesse of his tongue was perswasive ; for he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the knights of Malta. This hardy knight thus enricht with vertue and honour, surnamed Sir John of Bordeaux, having passed the prime of his youth in

sundry battailes against the Turkes, at last (as the date of time hath his course) grewe aged. His haire was silver hued, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead : honour sate in the furrowes of his face, and many yeares were pourtrayed in his wrinckled lineaments, that all men might perceiue his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie chalenged her due. Sir John (that with the phenix knewe the tearme of his life was now expired, and could, with the swan, discover his end by her songs) having three sonnes by his wife Lynida, the very pride of all his forepassed yeares, thought now (seeing death by constraint would compel him to leave them) to bestow upon them such a legacie as might bewray his love, and increase their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong gentlemen before him, in the presence of his fellow knights of Malta, he resolved to leave them a memorial of all his fatherly care in setting downe a methode of their brotherly dueties. Having therefore death in his lookes to moove them to pittie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, he began thus.

SIR JOHN OF BURDEAUX LEGACIE HE
GAVE TO HIS SONNES.

Oh my sons, you see that Fate hath set a period of my years, and destenies have determined the final ende of my dayes: the palme tree waxeth away ward, for hee stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are ful of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my grave that dischargeth all cares, and leave you to the world that increaseth many sorrowes: my silver haire conteineth great experience, and in the number of my yeares are pende downe the subtilties of Fortune. Therefore, as I leave you some fading pelfe to counterchecke povertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall lead you unto vertue. First, therefore, unto thee Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chieftest pillar of my house, wherein should bee ingraved as wel the excellency of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall forme of his proportion, to thee <I give foureteene ploughlands, with all my mannor houses and richest plate> Next, unto <~~Fernandine~~ I bequeath twelve ploughlands.> But, unto Rosader, the youngest, I give <my horse, my armour, and my launce with sixteene ploughlands> for if the inwarde thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader wil exceed you

all in bountie and honour. Thus (my sonnes) have I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you be as prodigall to spend as I have beene carefull to get, your friendes wil greeve to see you more wastfull then I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fal did begin in your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the loadstarre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. < Ayme your deedes by my honorable endeavours, and shew yourselves siens worthy of so flourishing a tree > least, as the birdes Halcyones, which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that exceed in blacknes.

< Climb not, my sonnes: aspiring pride is a vapour that ascendeth hie > but soone turneth to a smoake; ~~they which stare at the starres~~ stumble upon the stones, and such as gaze at the sunne (unless they be eagle eyed) fal blinde. Soare not with the hobbie, least you fal with the larke, nor attempt not with Phaeton, least you drowne with Icarus. Fortune, when shee wils you to flye, tempers your plumes with waxe; and therefore eyther sit stil and make no wing, or else beware the sunne, and hold Dedalus axiome authentical (*medium tenuere tutissimum*). Low shrubs have deepe rootes, and poore cottages great patience. Fortune looks ever upward, and envy aspireth to nestle with dignitie.

<Take heed, my sonnes, the meane is sweetest
 melodie ;> where strings high stretch, eyther
 soone cracke, or quickly grow out of tune. <Let
 your countryes care be your hearts content> and
 thinke that you are not borne for your selves,
 but to leuell your thoughts to be loyal to your
 prince, careful for the common-weale, and fayth-
 ful to your friendes ; so shal Fraunce say, these
 men are as excellent in vertues as they be
 exquisite in features. Oh my sons <a friend is
 a pretious jewel> within whose bosome you may
 unload your sorrowes, and unfold your secrets,
 and he eyther wil releeve with counsaile, or
 perswade with reason ; <but take heed in the
 choyce :> the outward shew makes not the in-
 warde man, nor are the dimples in the face the
 calenders of truth. When the liquorice leafe
 looketh most dry, then it is most wet : when
 the shoares of Lepanthus are most quiet, then
 they forepoint a storme. The Baatan leafe the
 more fayre it lookes, the more infectious it is,
 and in the sweetest wordes is oft hid most
 trechery. Therefore, my sonnes, chuse a friend
 as the Hiperborei do the mettals, sever them
 from the ore with fire, and let them not bide
 the stampe before they be currant : so trie and
 then trust : <let time be the touchstone of friend-
 ship, and then frends faithful lay them up for
 jewels. Be valiant, my sonnes, for cowardice

is the enemy to honour ; but not too rash, for that is extreme. Fortitude is the meane, and that is limited within bonds, and prescribed with circumstance. But above al, and with that he fetcht a deep sigh, beware of love, for it is farre more perillous then pleasant, and yet, I tel you, it allureth as ill as the syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt up with times colours, which, being set to drie in the sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there is nothing but losse and glistering miserie. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes, where they pierce, inforce nothing but deadly destres : a womans eye, as it is pretious to behold, so is it prejudicial to gaze upon ; for as it affoordeth delight, so it snareth unto death. Trust not theyr fawning favours, for their loves are like the breath of a man uppon steele, which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth off, and their passions are as momentary as the colours of a polipe, which changeth at the sight of every object.

My breath waxeth short, and mine eyes waxeth dimme : the houre is come, and I must away ; therefore let this suffice : women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one : and therefore, if you love, choose her that hath eyes

of adamant, that wil turne onely to one poynt ; her heart of a diamond, that will receive but one forme ; her tongue of a sethin leafe, that never waggess, but with a south-east winde : and yet, my sonnes, if she have all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent, yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou finde in her sufficient vanities to countervaille her vertues. Oh now, my sonnes, even now take these my last wordes as my latest legacie, for my threed is spunne, and my foot is in the grave. Keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsailes, and let them bee lodged in the secrete of your hearts ; for wisdom is better than wealth, and a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fal see and marke, my sonnes, the folly of man, that being dust climbeth with Biares to reach at the heavens, and ready every minute to dye, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flash, and the longest date of his yeares but as a havens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortal, be careful that thy life be vertuous, that thy death may bee ful of admirable honors, so shalt thou chalenge fame to be thy fautor, and put oblivion to exile with thine honorable actions. But, my sonnes, least you should forget your fathers axiomes, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying wils you to execute

living. At this hee shrunke downe in his bed,
and gave up the ghost.

John of Bourdeaux being thus dead was
greatly lamented of his sonnes, and bewayled of
his friends, especially of his fellow knights of
Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were
performed with great solemnitie. His obsequies
done, Saladyne caused, next his epitaph, the
contents of the scroule to bee pourtrayed out,
which were to this effect.

THE CONTENTS OF THE SCEDULE WHICH SIR
JOHN OF BOURDEAUX GAVE TO HIS SONNES.

My sonnes, behold what portion I do give.

I leave you goods, but they are quickly lost :

I leave advise, to schoole you how to live :

I leave you wit, but wonne with little cost :

But keepe it well, for counsaile still is one,

When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choice of thrift let honour be your gaine,

Winne it by vertue and by manly might ;

In dooing good esteeme thy toyle no paine ;

Protect the fatherlesse and widowes right :

Fight for thy faith, thy country, and thy king,

For why ? this thrift wil prove a blessed thing.

In choise of wife, preferre the modest chaste ;

Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell :

The sweetest lookes by age are soon defast ;

Then choose thy wife by wit and living well.

Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall,

Presents the hony mixt with bitter gall.

In choise of friends, beware of light beliefe ;
 A painted tongue may shroud a subtill heart :
 The Syrens teares doe threaten mickle grieve.
 Foresee, my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart :
 Chuse in your wants, and he that friends you then,
 When richer growne, befriend you him again.

Learne with the ant in summer to provide ;
 Drive with the bee the droane from out the hive :
 Buyld lyke the swallow in the summer tyde ;
 Spare not too much (my sonnes) but sparing thrive :
 Be poore in folly, rich in all but sinne,
 So by your death your glory shall beginne.

Saladyne having thus set up the scedule, and hangd about his fathers hearse many passionate poems, that France might suppose him to be passing sorrowful, hee clad himselfe and his brothers all in black, and in such sable sutes discoursed his grieve : but as the hiena when she mourns is then most guilefull, so Saladyne under this shewe of grieve shaddowed a heart full of contented thoughts. The tyger, though he hide his claws, wil at last discover his rapine : the lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans phisnomie is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will have his course : nurture and art may do much, but that *natura naturans*, which by propagation is ingrafted in the hart, will be at last

perforce predominant according to the olde verse,

Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen usque recurret.

So fares it with Saladine, for after a months mourning was past, he fel to consideration of his fathers testament; how hee had bequeathed more to his yonger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now under his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeares, and he being their gardian, might (if not defraud them of their due) yet make such havocke of theyr legacies and lands, as they should be a great deal the lighter: wherupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe.

/ SALADYNES MEDITATION WITH
HIMSELF.

Saladyne, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restlesse passions, having thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy fathers testament, and thy heart fiered with the hope of present preferment! By the one thou art counsaile to content thee with thy fortunes, by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladyne) is a great royaltie, and there is no sweeter phisick than store. Avicen, like a foole, forgot in his

aphorismes to say that gold was the most precious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medecine of the minde. Oh, Saladyne, what, were thy fathers precepts breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgotten his principles? did he not warne thee from coveting without honor, and climbing without vertue? did he not forbid thee to ayme at any action that should not bee honourable? and what will bee more prejudiciall to thy credite, than the carelesse ruine of thy brothers prosperitie? and wilt thou become the subversion of their fortunes? is there any sweeter thing than concord, or a more precious jewel then amitie? are you not sonnes of one father, siens of one tree, birds of one neast, and wilt thou become so unnaturall as to robbe them, whom thou shouldest relieve? No, Saladyne, intreat them with favours, and entertaine them with love, so shalt thou have thy conscience cleare and thy renowne excellent. Tush, what wordes are these? base foole, farre unfit (if thou be wise) for thy honour. What though thy father at his death talked of many frivolous matters, as one that doted for age and raved in his sicknes, shal his words be axioms, and his talk be so authentically, that thou wilt (to observe them) prejudice thy selfe? No no, Saladyne, sicke mens willes, that are parole and have neither hand nor seale, are like the lawes

*Mental discipline
concord in mind
and love
to all sides*

of a cittie written in dust, which are broken with the blast of every winde. What, man, thy father is dead, and hee can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions ; therefore bury his words with his carkasse, and be wise for thy selfe. What, tis not so olde as true,

Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.

Thy brother is yong, keepe him now in awe ; make him not checke mate with thy selfe, for

Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.

Let him know litle, so shall he not be able to execute much : suppress his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture. So shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord over all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle : let him reade on Galen while thou riflest with golde, and pore on his booke til thou doest purchase landes : witte is great wealth ; if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

In this humour was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The young gentleman bare all

with patience, til on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renownied for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues; how, contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and intreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. As, quoth hee to himselfe (nature woorking these effectuall passions) why should I that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such unnatural drudgery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to live a foote boy to my own brother? nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable ex-ployt, but no libertie to accomplish my ver-tuous indevours: those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes. With that casting up his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud for choler hee began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholie

Rosader
w. s. l. y. p.

passions in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth he) what is your heart on your halfepeny, or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner readie? At this question Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie. Doest thou aske mee (Saladyne) for thy cates? aske some of thy churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in the bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my manner houses, and made havocke of suche utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answere mee as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as an enemye.

At this replie of Rosaders Saladyne smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly: he therfore tooke him up thus shortly: What, sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus

contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith (sir boy) I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You, sirs, lay holde on him and binde him, and then I wil give him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loades uppon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loaft adjoyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotlie. Saladine, afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus: Rosader, be not so rash: I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong ile make thee amendes: revenge not anger in blood, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old Sir John Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent and thou shalt bee satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periedes of wrath: what, man, looke not so sowerly; I know we shalbe friendes, and better friends then we have been. For, *Amantium ira amoris redinte gratio est.*

These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader (for he was of a milde and curteous nature) so that hee layde downe his weapons, and upon

! great

the faith of a gentleman assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: wherupon Saladyne came down, and after a little parley they imbraced eache other and became friends; and Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what favour els (quoth he) any waies my ability or the nature of a brother may performe, upon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old servants of Sir John of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, king of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling and of tournament to busie his commons heades, least, being idle, their thoughts should runne uppon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king. A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his

clawes hee would never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*) taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Having thus the champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus:—He went to yoong Rosader (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower then vertue commanded him), and began to tel him of this tournament and wrastling, how the king should bee there, and all the chiefe peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the cuntry. Now, brother (quoth hee) for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approoved in chivalrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For myselfe thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of armes, I am yongest to performe any martial exploytes, knowing better how to survey my lands then to charge my lance: my brother Fernandyne hee is at Paris poring on a few papers, having more insight into sophistrie and principles of philosophy, then anie warlyke indeveurs; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest

dof what honour allowes thee. Take thou my fathers launce, his sword, and his horse, and hye thee to the tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie. The words of Saladyne were but spurres to a free horse, for hee had scarce uttered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that hee promised in what hee might to requite his curtesie. The next morrow was the day of the tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroycal thoughts that he past the night with litle sleep; but assoone as Phœbus had vailed the curteine of the night, and made Aurora blush with giving her the *bezoles labres* in her silver couch, he gat him up, and taking his leave of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appoynted, thinking every mile ten leagues til he came there. But leaving him so desirous of the journey, to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne tournament, wherunto hee in most solemne mane resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers o France, who, rather for fear then love, grace

him with the shew of their dutiful favours. To feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistening objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautiful dammoselles that were famous for their features in all France. ||

Thus in that place did love and war triumph in a simpathy ; for such as were martial might use their launce to be renowned for the excellency of their chevalrie, and suche as were amorous might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every mans eye had his several survey, and fancie was partial in their lookes, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynde ; for uppon her cheekes there seemed a battaile betweene the graces, who should bestow most favours to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna, when she kist the shepheard on the hilles of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the vermillion flourisht on the silver hue of Rosalyndes countenance : her eyes were lyke those lampes that make the wealthie covert of the heavens more gorgious, sparkling favour and disdaine ; courteous and yet coye, as if in them Venus had placed all her amoretts,

and Diana all her chastitie. The trammelles of her hayre, foulded in a call of golde, so farre surpass the burnisht glister of the mettall, as the sunne doth the meanest starre in brightnesse: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her hayres it seemed love had laide herselfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze uppon their excellence. What should I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all shee was the paragon of all earthly perfection? This Rosalynd sat, I say, with Alinda as a beholder of these sportes, and made the cavaliers cracke their lances with more courage: many deedes of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were given according to their several desertes. At last when the tournament ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a chalenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunst himselfe agaynst Acheloüs, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to incounter with him in any deed of activitie: til at last a lustie Francklin of the country came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing his obeysance to the king entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman,

who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage ; which the yoonger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayled the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees : which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the yoong Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the ground so violently, that hee broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this unlookt for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie ; but the Francklin, father unto these, never chaunged his countenance, but as a man of a couragious resolution tooke up the bodies of his sonnes without shewe of outward discontent.

All this while stood Rosader and sawe this tragedie ; who, noting the undoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted of from his horse, and presently sat downe on the grasse, and commanded his boy to pul off his bootes, making him ready to try the strength of this champion. Being furnished as he would, he clapt the Francklin on the shoulder and said

thus. Bold yeoman, whose sonnes have ended the tearme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the injury of fate with content in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand awhile, and either see me make a third in their tragedie, or else revenge their fal with an honourable triumph. The Francklin, seeing so goodly a gentleman to give him such curteous comfort, gave him hartie thankes, with promise to pray for his happy successe. With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amorous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

The Normane seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladyes drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder.

Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt dreame, discovered to all by the furye of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Noman hee ranne upon him and

Could
he
have
done
this

braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himsele and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie.

The death of this champion, as it highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drue the king and all the peeres into a great admiration, that so yongg yeares and so beautiful a personage should contain such martiall excellence; but when they knew him to bee the yoongest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, the king rose from his seat and imbraced him, and the peeres intreated him with all favourable curtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to go forward in such haughtie deeds, that hee might attaine to the glory of his fathers honourable fortunes.

As the king and lordes graced him with embracyng, so the ladyes favoured him with theyr lookes, especially Rosalynd, whome the beautie and valour of Rosader had already touched:



ROSADERS VICTORIE

but she accounted love a toye, and fancie a
 momentary passion, that as it was taken in with
 a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke, and
 therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and
 to make Rosader know she affected him, tooke
 from her necke a jewel, and sent it by a page
 to the yong gentleman. The prize that Venus
 gave to Paris was not halfe so pleasing to the
 Trojan as this jemme was to Rosader; for if for-
 tune had sworne to make himself sole monarke
 of the world, he would rather have refused such
 dignitie, then have lost the jewel sent him by
 Rosalynd. To return hir with the like he was
 unfurnished, and yet that he might more than
 in his lookes discover his affections, hee stept
 into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ this
 fancie :—

Two sunnes at once from one faire heaven there shinde,

Ten braunches from two boughes tipt, all with roses,
 Pure lockes more golden than is golde refinde,

Two pearled rowes that natures pride incloses;

Two mounts faire marble white, downe-soft and dainty,

A snow died orbe, where love increast by pleasure

Full wofull makes my heart, and body faintie :

Hir faire (my woe) exceeds all thought and measure.

In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeareth,

Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet he sent to Rosalynd, which when
 she read shee blusht, but with a sweet content
 in that she perceived love had allotted her so

*Just
 Rosader it*

amorous a servant. Leaving her to her intertained fancies, againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glorie of this conquest, accompanied with a troupe of yoong gentlemen that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladynes, who was walking before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should have, assuring himself of his death, and devising how with dissimuled sorrowe to celebrate his funerals. As he was in his thought, he cast up his eye, and sawe where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, as having won the prize, accompanied with a crue of boon companions: greeved at this, he stepped in and shut the gate. <Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such unkind entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his griefe with a smile, he turned to the gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for he did not this upon any malicious intent or nigardize, but being brought up in the country, he absented himselfe as not finding his nature fit for such youthful company.> Thus he sought to shadow abuses proffered him by his brother, but in vaine, for hee could by no meanes be suffered to enter: wherupon he ran his foot against the doore, and brake it open, drawing his sword, and entering boldly into the hall, where he found none (for all were fled) but

one Adam ~~Spencer~~, an English man, who had
 beene an old and trustie servant to Sir John of
 Bourdeaux. He for the love hee bare to his
 deceased maister, favored the part of Rosader,
 and gave him and his such entertainment as he
 could. Rosader gave him thanks, and looking
 about, seeing the hall empty, saide, Gentlemen,
 you are welcome; frolike and be merry: you
 shall be sure to have wine enough, whatsoever
 your fare be. I tel you, cavaliers, my brother
 hath in his house five tunne of wine, and as
 long as that lasteth, I beshrew him that spares
 his lyquor. With that he burst open the buttery
 doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer
 covered the tables, and set downe whatsoever
 he could find in the house; but what they
 wanted in meat, was supplied with drinke, yet
 had they royall cheare, and withal such hartie
 welcome as would have made the coursest meats
 seeme delicates. After they had feasted and
 frolickt it twise or thrise with an upsey freeze,
 they all tooke leave of Rosader and departed.
 Assoone as they were gone, Rosader growing
 impatient of the abuse, drewe his sword, and
 swore to be revenged on the discourteous Sala-
 dyne; yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer,
 who sought to continue friendshippe and amity
 betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering
 submission of Saladyne, they were once againe

used
 in the
 text

reconciled, and put up all forepassed injuries with a peaceable agreement, living together for a good space in such brotherly love, as did not onely rejoyce the servantes, but made all the gentlemen and bordering neighbours glad of such friendly concord. <Saladyne, hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter oportunity, he shewed himselfe a great favorer of his brothers vertuous endeavors: where, leaving them in this happy league, let us returne to Rosalynd.>

Rosalynd returning home from the tryumph, after she waxed solitary love presented her with the idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discover stroke her so deepe, as she felte her selfe grow passing passionate. Shee began to cal to minde the comlinessse of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that, excelling both, made him so gracious in the eies of every one. Sucking in thus the hony of love by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, shee began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions; but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancie to vale bonnet, that betweene a chaos of confused thoughts she began to debate with herselfe in this maner.

ROSALYNDS PASSION.

Infortunate Rosalynde, whose misfortunes are more than thy yeares, and whose passions are greater then thy patience! The blossoms of thy youth are mixt with the frosts of envy, and the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crown, and thou, the unhappy daughter of a king detained captive, living as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. { Ah Rosalynd, what cares wait upon a crown! what griefs are incident to dignity! what sorrows haunt royal pallaces! The greatest seas have the sorest stormes, the highest birth subject to the most bale, and of all trees the cedars soonest shake with the wind: smal currents are ever calme, lowe valleys not scorcht in any lightnings, nor base men tyed to anie baleful prejudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch poverty, it is with hir heele, rather disdainning their want with a frown, then envying their welth with disparagement. Oh Rosalynd, hadst thou beene born low, thou hadst not falne so high, and yet beeing great of blood thine honour is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet fates unwilling to have me any

Wm. Greene

waies happy, have forced love to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Love, Rosalynd, becommeth it women in distresse to thinke on Love. Tush, desire hath no respect of persons: Cupid is blind and shooteth at random, assoone hitting a ragge as a robe, and piercing assoone the bosome of a captive, as the brest of a libertine. Thou speakest it, poore Rosalynd, by experience; for being every way distrest, surcharged with cares, and overgrowne with sorrowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, love hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of yong Rosader, a man every way absolute as wel for his inward life, as for his outward lyniaments, able to content the eye with beauty, and the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider, Rosalynde, his fortunes, and thy present estate: thou art poore and without patrymony, and yet the daughter of a prince; he a yonger brother, and voyd of such possessions as eyther might maintaine thy dignities or revenge thy fathers injuries. And hast thou not learned this of other ladies, that lovers cannot live by looks? that womens ears are sooner content with a pound of *give me*, then a dram of *heare me*? that gold is sweeter than eloquence? that love is a fire, and wealth is the fewel? that Venus coffer should be ever ful? Then, Rosalynd, seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautiful, because hee is in want, and

account his vertues but qualities of course, for that he is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what methode is to be used in love?

Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

Tush, Rosalynd, be not over rash: leape not before thou looke: either love such a one as may with his landes purchase thy libertie, or els love not at all. Chuse not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women use to say,

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.

Why, Rosalynd, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties? can the degree of a princesse, the daughter of Gerismond harbour such servile conceites, as to prize gold more than honour, or to measure a gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues? No, Rosalynd, blush at thy base resolution, and say, if thou lovest, eyther Rosader or none. And why? because Rosader is both beautiful and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new intertained passions, taking up her lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

ROSALYNDE

ROSALYNDS MADRIGALL.

Love in my bosome like a bee
Doth sucke his sweete :
Now with his winges he playes with me,
Now with his feete.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender brest :
My kisses are his dayly feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
He musicke playes if so I sing.
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting :
Whist, wanton, still ye !

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And binde you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
Ile shut mine eyes to keep you in,
Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
Ile count your power not worth a pinne.
Alas, what hereby shall I winne,
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beate the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He wil repay me with annoy,
Because a God.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome be ;
Lurke in mine eies, I like of thee,
O Cupid, so thou pittie me,
Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalynde ended her madrigale, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda and many of the peers of France, who were enamoured of her beauty ; which Torismond perceiving, fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruit ende in the beginning of her blossomes, he thought to banish her from the court : for, quoth he to himselfe, her face is so ful of favour, that it pleads pittie in the eye of every man, her beauty is so heavenly and devine, that she wil prove to me as Helen did to Priam : some one of the peeres wil ayme at her love, end the marriage, and then in his wives right attempt the kingdome. To prevent therefore had I wist in all these actions, shee tarryes not about the court, but shall (as an exile) eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance ful of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the court : for (quoth he) I have heard of thy aspiring speeches,

and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynd, and presently covred with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynd, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her hart and teares in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.

ALINDAS ORATION TO HER FATHER IN
DEFENCE OF ROSALYNDE.

If (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie crave pardon for my boldnesse; for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priviledge. Rosalynd and I have beene fostered up from our infancies, and noursed under the harbour of our conversing together with such private familiarities, that custome had wrought an unyon of our nature, and the sympathie of our affections such a secret love, that we have two bodies and one soule. Then marvell not (great Torismond) if, seeing my friend distrest, I finde

myselfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes ; for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such as may challenge love, and race out suspition. Her obedience to your majestie I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefs with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with all dutie, as her owne father by nouriture, not in word uttering any discontent, nor in thought as (far as conjecture may reach) hammering on revenge ; only in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my favor. Her wisdom, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher ; onely it rests for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, fortune who tryumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some envious person (as minister of her intended stratagem) to tainte Rosalynde with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by witnesses ; which proved, let her die, and Alinda wil execute the massacre. If none can avouch any confirmed relation of her intent, use justice, my lord, it is the glory of a king, and let her live in your wonted favour ; for if you banish her, myselfe, as copartner of her harde fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this speech of Alinda) covered his face with such a frown, as tyranny seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, and checked her up with such taunts, as made the lords (that only were hearers) to tremble. Proud girle (quoth he) hath my looks made thee so light of toong, or my favours incouraged thee to bee so forward, that thou darest presume to preach after thy father? hath not my yeares more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper insight into civil policie, than the prime of thy flourishing dayes? The olde lion avoides the toyles, where the yoong one leapes into the nette: the care of age is provident and foresees much: suspition is a vertue, where a man holdes his enemie in his bosome. Thou, fond girle, measurest all by present affection, and as thy heart loves, thy thoughts censure; but if thou knowest that in liking Rosalynd thou hatchest up a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldst intreat as much for hir absence as now thou delightest in her presence. But why doe I alleadge policie to thee? sit you downe, huswife, and fall to your needle: if idlenes make you so wanton, or libertie so malipert, I can quickly tye you to a sharper taske. And you (mayd) this night be packing, eyther into Arden to your father, or whither best it shall content your humour, but

in the court you shall not abide. This rigorous replie of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for stil she prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalynd, wishing her father (if his censure might not be reverst) that he would appoynt her partner of her exile; which if he refused, eyther she would by some secret meanes steale out and followe her, or else ende her dayes with some desperate kind of death. ~~When~~ Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that he set down a definitive and peremptory sentence, that they should both be banished, which presently was done, the tyrant rather choosing to hazard the losse of his onely child than any wayes to put in question the state of his kingdome; so suspitious and fearfull is the conscience of an usurper. Wel, although his lords perswaded him to retaine his owne daughter, yet his resolution might not be reverst, but both of them must away from the court without eyther more company or delay. In hee went with great melancholy, and left these two ladyes alone. Rosalynd waxed very sad, and sate downe and wept. Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friend began thus to comfort her.

Follows: platitudes

ALINDAS COMFORT TO PERPLEXED

ROSALYND.

Why how now, Rosalynd, dismayd with a frowne of contrary fortune? Have I not oft heard thee say, that hygh mindes were discovered in fortunes contempt, and heroycal seene in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont to tel others that complained of distresse, that the sweetest salve for misery was patience, and the onely medicine for want that pretious implaister of content. Being such a good phisition to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thy selfe? but perchance thou wilt say,

Consulenti nunquam caput doluit.

Why then, if the patients that are sicke of this disease can finde in themselves neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure, yet (Rosalynd) admit of the counsaile of a friend, and applie the salves that may appease thy passions. If thou grievest that being the daughter of a prince, and envy thwarteth thee with such hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke, that crowns have crosses when mirth is in cottages; that the fairer the rose is, the sooner it is bitten with caterpillers; the more orient the pearle is, the more apt to take a blemish; and the greatest

birth, as it hath most honour, so it hath much envy. > If then fortune aymeth at the fairest, be patient Rosalynd, for first by thine exile thou goest to thy father : nature is higher prised then wealth, and the love of ones parents ought to bee more pretious then all dignities. Why then doth my Rosalynd grieve at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a prejudice proffers her a greater pleasure? and more (mad lasse) to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda, a friend who wil be a faithful copartner of al thy misfortunes ; who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brooke al extremities then to forsake thy presence. What, Rosalynd,

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Cheerly, woman : as wee have been bed-fellowes in royaltie, we wil be felow mates in povertie : I wil ever be thy Alinda, and thou shalt ever rest to me Rosalynd ; so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades — and Orestes. And if ever fortune smile, and we returne to our former honour, then folding our selves in the sweete of our friendship, we shal merily say (calling to mind our forepassed miseries)

Olim hæc meminisse juvabit.

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gave her heartie thanks, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page, thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I will buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil shew him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes; and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganymede, they traueiled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the forrest side, where they traueiled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and



GANIMEDE AND ALIENA

payned with many passionate sorrowes. Now the black oxe began to tread on their feet, and Alinda thought of her wonted royaltie; but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought every daunger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a fountaine, compast with groave of cipresse trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some goddesse had intreated nature in that place to make her an arbour. By this fountaine sat Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fedde as merely as if they had been in Paris with all the kings delicates, Aliena onely grieving that they could not so much as meete with a shepheard to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting up his eye espied where on a tree was ingraven certaine verses; which assoone as he espied, he cryed out, be of good cheare, mistresse: I spie the figures of men; for heere in these trees bee ingraven certaine verses of shepherds, or some other swaines that inhabite here about. With that Aliena start up joyfull to hear these newes, and looked, where they found carved in the barke of a pine tree this passion.

: MONTANUS PASSION.

Hadst thou been borne wher as perpetuall cold
 Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines silver old :
 Had I complaine unto a marble stone,
 Or to the flouds bewraide my bitter mone,

I then could beare the burthen of my griefe :
 But even the pride of countries at thy birth,
 Whilste heavens did smile, did new aray the earth
 With flowers chiefe ;

Yet thou, the flower of beautie blessed borne,
 Hast pretie lookes, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weep sweet Mirrhas teares,
 Or by my plaints to pearce repining eares :
 Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,
 To scorne the woes that doth my hart attaint,

I then could beare the burthen of my griefe :
 But not my teares, but truth with thee prevails,
 And seeming sowre my sorowes thee assailes :

Yet small releife ;
 For if thou wilt thou art of marble hard,
 And if thou please my suite shall soone be heard.

¶ No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poesie is the
 passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being
 enamoured of some faire and beautifull shep-
 heardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and
 therefore complained of the crueltie of his mis-
 tresse. ¶ You may see (quoth Ganimede) what
 mad cattel you women be, whose harts some-
 times are made of adamant that wil touch with

*Plays with

*

no impression, and sometime of wax that is fit for every forme : they delight to be courted, and then they glory to seeme coy, and when they are most desired then they freese with disdaine : and this fault is so common to the sex, that you see it painted out in the shepheardes passions, who found his mistres as froward as he was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so satyirical against women ? is it not a foule bird defiles his own nest Beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doe, perchance you wil make him leape so farre from love, that he wil anger every vaine in your heart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum : I speak now as I am Aliena's page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter ; for put mee but into a petticoat, and I wil stand in defiance to the uttermost, that women are curteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there (quoth Aliena) and no more words, for yonder be characters graven uppon the barke of the tall beech tree. Let us see (quoth Ganimede) ; and with that they read a fancy written to this effect.

First shall the heavens want starry light,
 The seas be robbed of their waves,
 The day want sunne, and sunne want bright,
 The night want shade, the dead men graves ;
 The April flowers, and leafe, and tree,
 Before I false my faith to thee.

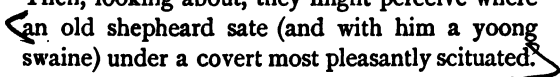
First shall the tops of highest hils
 By humble plaines be overpride ;
 And poets scorne the muses quils,
 And fish forsake the water glide,
 And Iris loose her coloured weed,
 Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direfull hate shall turn to peace,
 And love relent in deep disdain,
 And death his fatall stroake shall cease,
 And envy pitie every paine ;
 And pleasure mourn and sorow smile,
 Before I talke of any guile.

First time shall stay his staylesse race,
 And winter blesse his browes with corne ;
 And snow bemoysten Julies face,
 And winter spring, and summer mourn,
 Before my pen, by helpe of fame,
 Cease to recite thy sacred name.

MONTANUS.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one full of passions. I am of that minde too (quoth Aliena) but see, I pray, when poore women seeke to keepe themselves chaste, how men woo them with many fained promises ; alluring with sweet words as the syrens, and after prooving as trothlesse as Æneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at last grew more false ? The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were womens sonnes, and tooke that fault of their mother, for if man had

growne from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had never been troubled with inconstancie. Leave off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or else Ile pull off your pages apparell, and whip you (as Venus doth her wantons) with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perswade mee to flattery, and that needs not: but come (seeing we have found here by this fount the tract of shepheards by their madrigalles and roundelaies) let us forward; for either wee shall finde some foldes, sheepcoates, or els some cottages wherin for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose up, and marched forward till towards the even, and then comming into a faire valley (compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasaunt shrubbes) they descrie where two flockes of sheepe did feed. Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepheard sate (and with him a yoong swaine) under a covert most pleasantly scituated. The ground where they sate was diapred with Floras riches, as if she ment to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her vestments: round about in the forme of an amphitheater were most curiously planted pine trees, interseamed with lymons and cytrons, which with the thicknesse of their boughes so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not prie into the secret of that arbour; so united were the tops with so thick a closure,

that Venus might there in her jollitie have dallied unseene with her deerest paramour. Fast by (to make the place more gorgious) was there a fount so christalline and cleare, that it seemed Diana with her Driades and Hemadriades had that spring, as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious arbour satte these two shepherdes (seeing their sheepe feede) playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melodie falling into much amorous chat. Drawing more nigh we might descry the countenance of the one to be full of sorrow, his face to bee the very pourtraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that living he seemed to dye: we (to heare what these were) stole privily behinde the thicke, where we overheard this discourse.

A PLEASANT EGLOG BETWEEN MONTANUS
AND CORIDON.

Coridon.

Say, shepherds boy, what makes thee greet so sore?
Why leaves thy pipe his pleasure and delight?
Yoong are thy yeares, thy cheeks with roses dight:
Then sing for joy (sweet swain) and sigh no more.

This milk-white poppy, and this climbing pine
Both promise shade; then sit thee downe and sing,
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,
Till Phoebus daine all westward to decline.

Montanus.

Ah (Coridon) unmeet is melody
To him whom proud contempt hath overborn :
Slain are my joyes by Phœbus bitter scorn ;
Far hence my weale, and nere my jeopardy.

Loves burning brand is couched in my breast,
Making a Phoenix of my faintfull hart :
And though his fury doo inforce my smart,
Ay blyth am I to honour his behest.

Preparde to woes, since so my Phœbe wils,
My lookes dismaid, since Phœbe will disdain ;
I banish blisse and welcome home my pain :
So stream my teares as showers from alpine hills.

In errors maske I blindfold judgements eye,
I fetter reason in the snares of lust,
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust ;
I live by that which makes me living dye.

Devoyd of rest, companion of distresse,
Plague to myselfe, consumed by my thought,
How may my voyce or pipe in tune be brought,
Since I am reft of solace and delight ?

Coridon.

Ah, lorrell lad, what makes thee herry love ?
A sugred harme, a poyson full of pleasure,
A painted shrine full-fild with rotten treasure ;
A heaven in shew, a hell to them that prove.

A gaine in seeming, shadowed stil with want,
A broken staffe which follie doth upholde,
A flower that fades with everie frostie colde,
An orient rose sprong from a withred plant.

A minutes joy to gaine a world of grieve,
A subtil net to snare the idle minde,
A seeing scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,
A poore rejoice, a plague without reliefe.

For thy, Montanus, follow mine arreedde,
(Whom age hath taught the traines that fancy useth)
Leave foolish love, for beautie wit abuseth,
And drownes (by folly) vertues springing seede.

Montanus.

So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes,
And bird the snare, because it doth intrap,
And fooles true love, because of sorry hap,
And saylers curse the ship that overturnes.

But would the childe forbear to play with flame,
And birds beware to trust the fowlers gin,
And fooles foresee before they fall and sin,
And maisters guide their ships in better frame ;

The childe would praise the fire, because it warmes,
And birds rejoyce to see the fowler faile,
And fooles prevent before their plagues prevaile,
And saylers blesse the barke that saves from harmes.

Ah, Coridon, though many be thy yeares,
And crooked elde hath some experience left,
Yet is thy mind of judgement quite bereft,
In view of love, whose power in me appeares.

The ploughman litle wots to turn the pen,
Or bookeman skills to guide the ploughmans cart ;
Nor can the cobbler count the tearmes of art,
Nor base men judge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age (unmeet for beauties guide,
Uncapable of loves impression)
Discourse of that whose choyce possession
May never to so base a man be tied.

But I (whom nature makes of tender mold,
And youth most pliant yeelds to fancies fire)
Do build my haven and heaven on sweet desire,
On sweet desire, more deere to me than gold.

Thinke I of love, O, how my lines aspire !
How hast the muses to imbrace my browes,
And hem my temples in with lawrell bowes,
And fill my braines with chaste and holy fire !

Then leave my lines their homely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the sunne :
Amazed I read the stile when I have done,
And herry love that sent that heavenly rage.

Of Phœbe then, of Phœbe then I sing,
Drawing the puritie of all the spheares,
The pride of earth, or what in heaven appears,
Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.

In fluent numbers, and in pleasant vaines,
I robbe both sea and earth of all their state,
To praise her parts : I charme both time and fate,
To bless the nymph that yeelds me love sicke paines.

My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will
 Guydes in the restles laborynth of love ;
 Feare lends them pasture whereso ere they move,
 And by their death their life renueth still.

My sheephooke is my pen, mine oaten reed
 My paper, where my many woes are written.
 Thus silly swaine (with love and fancie bitten)
 I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weed.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,
 My dreames, my doubts, for Phœbe sweet to me :
 Who wayteth heaven in sorrowes vale must be,
 And glory shines where daunger most appeares.

Then, Coridon, although I blith me not,
 Blame me not, man, since sorrow is my sweet :
 So willeth love, and Phœbe thinkes it meet,
 And kind Montanus liketh well his lot.

Coridon.

Oh, staylesse youth, by errour so misguided,
 Where will proscibeth lawes to perfect wits,
 Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
 And folly poysoneth all that time provided !

With wilfull blindnesse bearded, prepar'd to shame,
 Prone to neglect Occasion when she smiles :
 Alas, that love, 'by fond and froward guiles,
 Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blame !

Ah (my Montanus) cursed is the charme,
 That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes.
 Leave off in time to like these vanities,
 Be forward to thy good, and fly thy harme.

As many bees as Hibla daily shields,
As many frie as fleet on oceans face ;
As many heards as on the earth do trace,
As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields ;

As many stars as glorious heaven contains,
As many storms as wayward winter weepes,
As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes,
So many griefs in love, so many pains.

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers,
Mislikes, misdeedes, fond joies, and fained peace,
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,
Vowes, hope, acceptance, scorns, and deepe despaires ;

Truce, warre, and wo do wait at beauties gate ;
Time lost, laments, reports, and privy grudge, •
And lust : fierce love is but a partiall judge,
Who yeelds for service shame, for friendship hate.

Montanus.

All adder-like I stop mine eares (fond swaine)
So charm no more, for I will never change.
Call home thy flocks betime that stragling range,
For loe, the sunne declineth hence amaine.

Terentius.

In amore hæc insunt vitia : induciæ, inimicitia, bellum,
pax rursum : incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri
nihilo plus agas, quam fides operam, ut cum ratione
insanias.

The shepheards having thus ended their Eglogue, Aliena stept with Ganimede from behind the thicket; at whose sodayne sight the shepheards arose, and Aliena saluted them thus: Shepheards, all haile (for such wee deeme you by your flockes) and lovers, good lucke, (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our cares of the other. Although not by love, yet by fortune, I am a distressed gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts. Wandring this way in a forrest unknown, onely I and my page, wearied with travel, would faine have some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour (bee it never so meane) I shall bee thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall be mine host. Coridon, hearing the gentlewoman speake so courteously, returned her mildly and reverently this answere.

Faire mistresse, wee returne you as hearty a welcome as you gave us a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, and this a lover, as watchful to please his wench as to feed his sheep: ful of fancies, and therefore, say I, full of follies. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for love admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leaving him to his passions, if you be dis-

trest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie : pray for you I may, but releve you I cannot. Marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selves in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe and Ganimede by hir, Coridon looking earnestly upon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections applauded (in his thought) her excellence, and pitying her distresse was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question her thus.

If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renew your griefs by rubbing the scar, I would faine crave so much favour as to know the cause of your misfortunes, and why, and whither you wander with your page in so dangerous forest? Aliena (that was as courteous as she was fayre) made this replie. Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry privileged pardons in their forheads. Know, therefore, to discover my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cynders. Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepheard: my distress is as great as my travaile is dangerous, and I wander in this forrest to light on some cotage where I

X and my page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to live low, and content mee with a country life; for I have heard the swaines saye, that they drunke without suspition, and slept without care. Marry, mistress, quoth Coridon, if you meane so you came in good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money: and for a shepherds life (oh mistres) did you but live a while in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggary, so it can bee no extreame prejudice: the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee exceed not in dyet, so we have inough to satisfie: and, mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit*.

By my trueth, shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest mee in love with your countrey life, and therefore send for thy landlord, and I will buy

thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both : onely for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field, and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented.

This newes so gladdened the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepherds bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phoebe, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to win. Ganimede, who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtes, tooke delight to see the poore shepherd passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted his teares that stole down his cheeks, and his sighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demanded of Coridon why the yong shepherd looked so sorrowfull? Ah sir (quoth he) the boy is in love. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepherds love? I (quoth Montanus) and over-love, els shouldst not thou see me so pensive. Love, I tell thee, is as pretious in a shepherds eye, as in the lookes of a king, and we cuntry swains intertaine fancie with as great delight as the proudest courtier doth affection. Opportunity (that is the sweetest friend to Venus) harboureth in our cottages, and

loyaltie (the chiefeſt fealty that Cupid requireth) is found more among ſhepherdes than higher degrees. Then, aſke not if ſuche ſilly ſwains can love? What is the cauſe then, quoth Ganimede, that love being ſo ſweet to thee, thou lookeſt ſo ſorrowfull? ¶ Because quoth Montanus, the party beloved is froward, and having curteſie in her lookes, holdeth diſdaine in her tongues ende. ¶ What hath ſhe, then, quoth Aliena, in heart? Deſire (I hope madame) quoth he, or elſe my hope loſt: diſpaire in love were death. As thus they chatted, the ſunne being ready to ſet, and they not having folded their ſheepe, Coridon requested ſhe would ſit there with her page, till Montanus and hee lodged theſe ſheepe for that night. You ſhall goe quoth Aliena, but firſt I will intreate Montanus to ſing ſome amorous ſonnet that hee made when he hath beene deeply paſſionate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he began thus.

MONTANUS SONNET.

Phoebe ſate,
 Sweet ſhe ſate,
 Sweet ſate Phoebe when I ſaw her,
 White her brow,
 Coy her eye :
 Brow and eye how much you pleaſe me !

Words I spent,
Sighes I sent ;
Sighs and words could never draw hir.
Oh my love,
Thou art lost,
Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phœbe sat
By a fount,
Sitting by a fount I spide her : ✓
Sweet hir touch,
Rare her voyce :
Touch and voyce what may distain you ?
As she sung
I did sigh,
And by sighs whilst that I tride her,
Oh mine eyes !
You did loose
Hir first sight whose want did pain you.

Phœbes flockes,
White as wooll,
Yet were Phœbes locks more whiter.
Phœbes eyes
Dovelike mild,
Dovelike eyes, both mild and cruell.
Montan sweares,
In your lampes
He will die for to delight her.
Phœbe yeeld,
Or I die.
Shall true hearts be fancies fuell ?

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet,
but Coridon with a lowe curtesie rose up, and

went with his fellow, and shut their sheepe in the folds; and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home weary to his poore cottage. By the waye there was much good chat with Montanus about his loves, hee resolving Aliena that Phoebe was the fairest shepherdice in al France, and that in his eye her beautie was equal with the nimphs. But, quoth he: as of all stones the diamond is most cleerest, and yet most hard for the lapidorie to cut, as of all flowres the rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of al our country lasses Phoebe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stoop unto desire. But let her take heed quoth he, I have heard of Narcissus, who for his high disdain against love, perished in the folly of his owne love. With this they were at Coridons cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena and Ganimede glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile; but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved

there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a bargaine with his landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke, her selfe putting on the attyre of a shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: everye day leading foorth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thoght no content to the blisse of a countrey cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the shepheards of Arden, againe to Saladyne. ~~_____~~

When Saladyne had a long while concealed a secrete resolution of revenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flax, nor oyle in the flame, (for envy is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fog) it chaunced on a morning very early he cald up certain of his servants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, hee entred with his crue, and surprised his brother when he was a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hall chained him to a post. Rosader, amazed at this strange chaunce, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sodaine extremity, wherin he had wrongd, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance? Saladyne answered him onely with a look of disdain, and went his way, leaving poore Rosader in a deepe perplexity; who, thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no means

of releefe could be had : wherupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humour he continued two or three daies without meat, insomuch that seeing his brother would give him no food, he fel into despaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer, the old servant of Sir John of Bourdeaux, seeing, touched with the dutie and love hee ought to his olde maister, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap; and therefore, although Saladyne had given a generall charge to his servants that none of them upon pain of death should give either meat or drink to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and unlockt him, and set him at liberty. After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aymed at revenge, and now (all being a sleepe) hee would have quit Saladyne with the methode of his own mischiefe. But Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrary with these reasons. Sir, quoth hee, be content, for this night go againe into your olde fetters, so shall you trie the faith of friends, and save the life of an old servant. Tomorrow hath your brother invited al your kinred and allyes to a solempne breakefast, onely to see you, telling them all that you are mad, and faine to be tied to a poast. Assoone as they come complain to

them of the abuse proffered you by Saladyne. If they redresse you, why so: but if they passe over your playntes *sicco pede*, and hold with the violence of your brother before your innocence, then thus: I will leave you unlockt that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the ende of the hall shall you see stand a couple of good pollaxes, one for you and another for mee. When I give you a wincke, shake off your chaines, and let us plaie the men, and make havocke amongst them, drive them out of the house and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the king hath made a redresse of your abuses.

These wordes of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the guesstes bidden by Saladyne, whom hee intreated with curteous and curious entertainment, as they all perceived their welcome to be great. The tables in the hall, where Rosader was tyed, were covered, and Saladyne bringing in his guests togither, shewed them where his brother was bound, and was inchainde as a man lunaticke. Rosader made reply, and with some invectives made complaintes of the wrongs proffered him by Saladyne, desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they

had stopt their eares with Uliesses, that were his words never so forceable, he breathed onely his passions into the winde. They, carelesse, sat downe with Saladyne to dinner, beeing very frolicke and pleasant, washing their heades well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entered peale meale into their braines, they began in satyricall speeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam Spencer no longer brooking, gave the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaines got a pollaxe in his hande, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slew some, and drave his brother and the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, he shut the doores, and being sore an hungred, and seeing such good victuals, he sat him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellowes as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladyne had provided for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampierd up the house, least upon a sodeine his brother should raise some crew of his tennants, and surprise them unawares. (But Saladyne tooke a contrary course, and went to the sheriffe of the shire and made complaint of Rosader,) who giving credite to Saladyne, in a determined resolution to revenge the gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him five and twentie tall men, and

made a vow, either to break into the house and take Rosader, or else to coope him in till hee made him yeeld by famine. In this determination, gathering a crue together, hee went forward to set Saladyne in his former estate. Newes of this was brought unto Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brookt al the injuries of fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the sheriffe. As he walked upon the battlements of the house, he descryed where Saladyne and he drew neare, with a troupe of lustie gallants. At this he smilde, and calde Adam Spencer, and shewed him the envious treacherie of his brother, and the folly of the sheriffe to bee so credulous. Now, Adam, quoth he, what shall I do? It rests for me either to yeeld up the house to my brother and seek a reconcilment, or els issue out, and break through the company with courage, for coopt in like a coward I will not bee. If I submit (ah Adam!) I dishonor my selfe, and that is worse then death, for by such open disgraces, the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may favour mee, and I may escape with life; but suppose the worst: if I be slaine, then my death shall be honorable to me, and so inequall a revenge infamous to Saladyne. Why then, master, forward and feare not: out amongst them: they bee but faint hearted lozels, and for

Adam Spencer, if hee die not at your foote, say he is a dastard.

These words cheered up so the heart of yong Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them al, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the sheriffe ; for no sooner came Saladyne and he to the gates, but Rosader, unlookt for, leapt out and assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give backe, so that Adam and he broke through the prease in despite of them all, and tooke their way towards the forrest of Arden. This repulse so set the sheriffs hart on fire to revenge, that he straight raised all the country, and made hue and crie after them. But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbor : but fortune (who is like the camelion) variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meate,

that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer, (being olde) began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

ADAM SPENCERS SPEECH.

Oh, how the life of man may well bee compared to the state of the ocean seas, that for every calme hath a thousand storms, resembling the rose tree, that for a few flowers hath a multitude of sharpe prickles! All our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delightes are crossed with deepest discontents. The joyes of man, as they are few, so are they momentarie, scarce ripe before they are rotten, and withering in the blossome, either parched with the heate of envy or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friend, that in all thy deedes art froward and fickle, delighting in the povertie of the lowest, and the overthrow of the highest! To decypher thy inconstancy thou standest upon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with Times feathers, that thou maist ever be restlesse: thou art double faced like Janus, carrying frownes in the one to

threaten, and smiles in the other to betray. Thou profferest an eele, and performest a scorpion, and wher thy greatest favours be, there is the feare of the extreamest misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why, Adam, doest thou exclaime against Fortune? she laughes at the plaintes of the distressed, and there is nothing more pleasing unto her, then to heare fooles boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowfull men to discover the sower of their passions. Glut her not, Adam, then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishappes with patience. For there is no greater check to the pride of Fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe over her crosses without care. Thou art old, Adam, and thy haire waxe white: the palme tree is alreadie full of bloomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeares the kalenders of death: wert thou blessed by Fortune thy yeares could not bee many, nor the date of thy life long: then sith Nature must have her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little before the day.—Ah, it is not that which grieveth mee, nor do I care what mishaps Fortune can wage against mee, but the sight of Rosader that galleth unto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe, then doo I say, that Fortune and the Fates are most injurious, to

censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh, Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thy yeares, buxsome and full of May. Nature hath prodigally inricht thee with her favours, and vertue made thee the myrror of her excellence; and now, through the decree of the unjust starres, to have all these good partes nipped in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of Fortune! Ah, Rosader, could I helpe thee, my grieffe were the lesse, and happie should my death be, if it might bee the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing we perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I doo? prevent the sight of his further misfortune with a present dispatch of mine owne life? Ah, despaire is a merciless sinne!

As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, What cheere, maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. <Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death.> Might I with my launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour,

and content: might I (Adam) combate with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames! Maister (quoth he) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that till I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose up, and wisht A. Spencer to sit there til his returne; for my mind gives me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man, he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or els pledge his life in pawn for his loyaltie. It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table

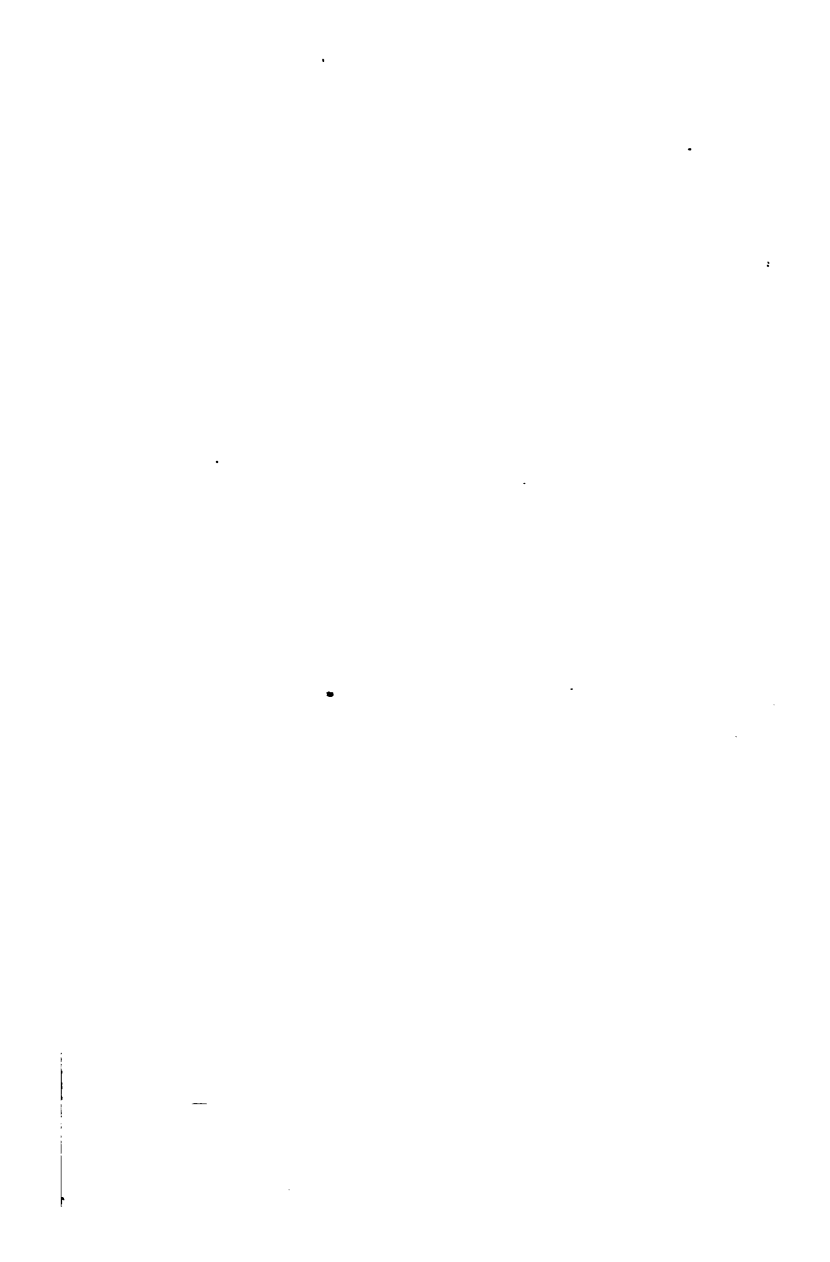
under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus :—

Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may : know, that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food : perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword ; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was mooved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but to be the lord of the feast. Gramercy, sir (quoth Rosader) but

I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes : therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go ; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship ; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well, to be short, those hungry squires fell to their victuals, and feasted themselves with good delicates, and great store of wine. Assoone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond (desirous to heare what hard fortune drave them into those bitter extreames) requested Rosader to discourse, (if it were not any way prejudicall unto him) the cause of his travell. Rosader (desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his favourable host, first beginning his *exordium* with a volley of sighes, and a fewe luke warme teares) prosecuted his discourse, and told him from point to point all his fortunes : how



ROSADER CARRIES ADAM SPENCER



he was the yongest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the sheriffe, and hurting his men, hee fled. And this old man (quoth he) whom I so much love and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old servant of my fathers, and one (that for his love) never fayled me in all my misfortunes.

When Gerismond heard this, he fell on the neck of Rosader, and next discoursing unto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull king, exiled by Torismond, what familiaritie had ever been betwixt his father, Sir John of Bourdeaux, and him, how faithfull a subject hee lived, and how honourably he dyed; promising (for his sake) to give both him and his friend such curteous entertainment as his present estate could minister; and upon this made him one of his forresters. Rosader seeing it was the king, cravde pardon for his boldnesse, in that hee did not doo him due reverence, and humbly gave him thanks for his favourable curtesie. Gerismond, not satisfied yet with newes, beganne to enquire if he had been lately in the court of Torismond, and whether he had seene his daughter Rosalynd, or no? At this, Rosader fetcht a deep sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answer: yet at last, gathering his

spirits together, he revealed unto the king, how Rosalynde was banished, and how there was such a simpathe of affections betwixt Alinda and her, that shee chose rather to be partaker of her exile, then to part fellowship: where-upone the unnaturall king banished them both; and now they are wandred none knowes whither, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes drave the king into a great melancholy, that presently hee arose from all the company, and went into his privie chamber, so secrete as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The company was all dasht at these tydings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer, having such opportunitie, went to take their rest. Where we leave them, and returne againe to Torismond.

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The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire renewes, found just occasion to quarrell with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother; and therefore, dispatching a herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast haste. Who marveiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein hee had offended his highnesse; but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the herehault unto the

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court; where, assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the king, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladyne, chiefly in that the jayler had a straight charge over him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, grief and disquieted passions, he resolved into these tearmes,

SALADYNES COMPLAINT.

Unhappie Saladyne! whome folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the laborinth of these calamities. Are not the heavens doomers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with favour, and revenge with justice? Oh, Saladyne, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule, and not onely discovering little nourture, but blemishing the excellence of nature. Whelpes of one litter are ever most loving, and brothers that are sonnes of one father should live in friendship without jarre. Oh, Saladyne, so it should bee; but thou hast with the deere fedde against the winde, with the

crabbe strove against the streame, and sought to pervert nature by unkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladyne) cryes for revenge: his youth pleads to God to inflict some penance upon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce writtes of displeasure to crosse thee: thou hast highly abused thy kynde and naturall brother, and the heavens cannot spare to quite thee with punishment. There is no sting to the worme of conscience, no hell to a minde toucht with guilt. Every wrong I offred him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a drop of blood from my heart, every bad looke, every frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and saies, Saladyne thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thyselfe some pennance to discover thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the king, who with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay, villaine (quoth he) I have heard of the wronges thou hast proffered thy brother, since the death of thy father, and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers

sake, but banish thee for ever from the court and countrey of France; and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head. And with that the king flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed; who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penance of his former folies to travaile abroade in every coast till he had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I beginne.

Rosader, beeing thus preferred to the place of a forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continuall exercise, traversing the groves and wilde forrests, partly to heare the melody of the sweete birds which recorded, and partly to shew his diligent indeavour in his masters behalfe. Yet whatsoever he did, or howsoever he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memorie on her sweete perfections he fed his thoughts, proving himselfe like the eagle a true borne bird, since that the one is knowne by beholding the sunne, so was he by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the rest, finding a fit opportunity and place convenient, desirous to discover his woes to the woodes, hee engraved with his knife on the bark of a mir tre, this pretye estimate of his mistres perfection.

SONNETTO.

Of all chast birdes the phoenix doth excell,
Of all strong beastes the lyon beares the bell,
Of all sweet flowers the rose doth sweetest smel,
Of all faire maydes my Rosalynd is fairest.

Of all pure mettals gold is onely purest,
Of all high trees the pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweets I like my mistris brest,
Of all chast thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds the eagle pleaseth Jove,
Of pretie fowles kind Venus likes the dove,
Of trees Minerva doth the olive love,
Of all sweet nimphs I honour Rosalynd.

Of all her gifts her wisdomes pleaseth most,
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast :
For all these gifts my life and joy is lost,
If Rosalynde prove cruell and unkind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did every day eternize the name of his Rosalynd ; and this day especially when Aliena and Ganimede (inforced by the heat of the sun to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arrived in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholy passions. They saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighes : they heard him often abruptly cal on Rosalynd, who (poore soule) was as hotly

burned as himselfe, but that shee shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modesty. Whereupon (gessing him to be in love, and according to the nature of their sexe being pittifull in that behalfe) they sodainly brake off his melancholy by theyr approach, and Ganimede shooke him out of his dumps thus.

What newes, forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse: thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns: tis hunters lucke to ayme faire and misse; and a woodmans fortune to strike and yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede (quoth Aliena): his passions are greater, and his sighs discovers more losse: perhaps in traversing these thickets, he hath seene some beautifull nimph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for here he hath newly ingraven some sonnet: come, and see the discourse of the forresters poems. Reading the sonnet over, and hearing him name Rosalynde, Aliena lookt on Ganimede and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht; yet thinking to shrowd all under her pages apparell, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me, forrester, what is this

Rosalynd for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is shee some nymph that wayts upon Dianaes traine, whose chastitie thou hast deciphred in such epethites? Or is she some shepherdesse that hants these playnes whose beautie hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou shaddowest in covert under the figure of Rosalynd, as Ovid did Julia under the name of Corinna? or say mee forsooth, is it that Rosalynde, of whome wee shepherds have heard talke, shee, forrester, that is the daughter of Gerismond, that once was king, and now an outlawe in the forrest of Arden? At this Rosader fecht a deepe sigh, and sayde, It is she, O gentle swayne, it is she: that saint it is whom I serve, that goddesse at whose shrine I doe bend all my devotions: the most fayrest of all faires, the phenix of all the sexe, and the puritie of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle forrester) if shee be so beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happily she resembleth the rose, that is sweete, but full of prickles? or the serpent regius that hath scales as glorious as the sunne, and a breath as infectious as the acopitum is deadly? So thy Rosalynd may be most amiable, and yet unkind; full of favour and yet froward, coy without wit, and disdainfull without reason.

Oh, Shepheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage, graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a harbour wherein the graces shrowd their vertues, thou wouldest not breath out such blasphemy against the beauteous Rosalind. She is a diamond, bright, but not hard, yet of most chast operation : a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish : a rose without prickles, and a princesse absolute, as well in beauty as in vertue. But I, unhappy I, have let mine eye soare with the eagle against so bright a sun, that I am quite blind : I have with Apollo enamoured myselfe of a Daphne, not (as she) disdainful, but farre more chast than Daphne : I have with Ixion laide my love on Juno, and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a clowde. Ah, Shepheard, I have reacht at a starre : my desires have mounted above my degree, and my thoughts above my fortunes. I being a peasant, have ventured to gaze on a princesse, whose honors are too high to vouchsafe such base loves.

Why, forrester, quoth Ganimede, comfort thy selfe : be blyth and frolike man. Love sowseth as low as she soareth high : Cupid shootes at a ragge assoon as at a roabe ; and Venus eye that was so curious, sparkled favour on pole-footed Vulcan. Feare not, man, womens looks are not tied to dignities feathers, nor make

they curious esteeme where the stone is found,
 but what is the vertue. Feare not, forrester :
 (faint heart never woone faire ladye.) But where
 lives Rosalynde now? at the court?

Oh no, quoth Rosader, she lives I knowe not
 where, and that is my sorrow, banished by
 Torpsmond, and that is my hell: for might I
 but finde her sacred personage, and plead before
 the bar of her pitie the plaint of my passions,
 hope telles me shee would grace me with some
 favour, and that would suffice as a recompence
 of all my former miseries.

Much have I heard of thy mistres excellence,
 and I know, forrester, thou canst describe her
 at the full, as one that hast survaid all her parts
 with a curious eye; then doo that favour, to tell
 me what her perfections be. That I wil, quoth
 Rosader, for I glorie to make all eares wonder
 at my mistres excellence. And with that he
 pulde a paper forth his bosome, wherein he
 read this.

ROSALYNDES DESCRIPTION.

Like to the cleere in highest spheare,
 Where all imperiall glorie shines,
 Of selfe same colour is her haire,
 Whether unfolded, or in twines :
 Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Rosader tell his
love

ROSALYNDE

81

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wincke :
The gods do feare when as they glow,
And I doo tremble when I thinke :
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her chekes are lyke the blushing clowde
That bewtifies Auroraes face,
Or lyke the silver crimsin shrowde,
That Phœbus smiling lookes doth grace :
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her lippes are like two budded roses,
Whome ranckes of lillies neighbour nie,
Within which bounds she balme incloses
Apt to intice a Deitie :
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke, like to a stately tower,
Where love himselfe imprisoned lies,
To watch for glaunces every houre,
From her devine and sacred eyes :
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her pappes are centers of delight, X
Her pappes are orbes of heavenly frame,
Where nature molds the deaw of light,
To feed perfection with the same :
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearle, with rubie red,
With marble white, with saphire blew,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view :
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her sight,
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light :
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not, nymphes, though I bemone
The absence of faire Rosalynde,
Since for her faire there is fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so devine :
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.
Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she were mine !
Periit, quia deperibat.

Beleeve me (quoth Ganimede) eyther the
forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalynde
farre above wonder ; so it makes me blush to
heare how women should be so excellent, and
pages so unperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered
thus. Truly, gentle page, thou hast cause to
complaine thee, wert thou the substance, but
resembling the shadow, content thyselfe ; for it
is excellence inough to be like the excellence
of nature. He hath aunswered you, Ganimede,
quoth Aliena, it is enough for pages to wait on
beautiful ladies, and not to be beautiful them-
selves. Oh, mistres, quoth Ganimede, hold
you your peace, for you are partiall : who
knowes not, but that all women have desire to
tye soveraintie to their petticoates, and ascribe
beauty to themselves, wher, if boies might put

on their garments, perhaps they would prove as comely, if not as comely, as courteous. But tel me, forrester (and with that she turned to Rosader) under whom maintainest thou thy walke? Gentle swaine, under the king of outlawes, said he; the unfortunate Gerismond, who having lost his kingdome, crowneth his thoughtes with content, accounting it better to governe among poore men in peace, then great men in danger. But hast thou not, said she, (having so melancholy opportunities as this forrest affoordeth thee) written more sonets in commendations of thy mistris? I have, gentle swaine, quoth he, but they be not about me: to morrow by dawn of day, if your flocks feed in these pastures, I will bring them you; wherein you shall read my passions, whiles I feele them, judge my patience when you read it: til when I bid farewell. So giving both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, he resorted to his lodge, leaving them to their prittle prattle. So Ganimede (said Aliena, the forrester being gone) you are mightily beloved: men make ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, make an idoll of your beauty: believe mee, it grieves mee not a little to see the poore man so pensive, and you so pittillesse.

Ah, Aliena (quoth she) be not peremptory in your judgments. I heare Rosalynde praised as

I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalynde, I could answer the forrester: if he mourne for love, there are medicines for love: Rosalynde cannot be faire and unkind. And so, madame, you see it is time to fold our flocks, or else Coridon will frown and say, you will never prove good huswife. With that they put their sheepe into the coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage, Aliena as merry as might bee that she was thus in the company of her Rosalynde; but shee, poore soule, that had love her loadstarre, and her thoughtes set on fire with the flame of fancie, could take no rest, but being alone began to consider what passionate pennance poore Rosader was enjoyned to by love and fortune, that at last shee fell into this humour with her selfe.

ROSALYNDE PASSIONATE ALONE.

Ah, Rosalynd, how the Fates have set down in theyr Sinode to make thee unhappy: for when Fortune hath done hir worst, then Love comes in to begin a new tragedie: she seeks to lodge her sonne in thyne eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware, fond girle, he is an unruly guest to harbour: for entring in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuell, as no water

is able to quench. Seest thou not how Venus seekes to wrap thee in her laborynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, cares, and discontent? she is a syren, stop thine eares to her melodie; she is a basiliske, shutte thy eyes, and gaze not at her least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the countrey content, where are heavenly thoughtes and meane desires: in those lawnes where thy flocks feed Diana haunts: be as her nymphes chaste, and enemie to love, for there is no greater honour to a mayd, than to account of fancie as a mortal foe to their sexe. Daphne, that bonny wench, was not turned into a bay tree, as the poets faine, but for her chastitie: her fame was immortall, resembling the lawrell that is ever greene. Follow thou her steps, Rosalynd, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the court; whose distresse, and it is appeased with patience, so it would be renewed with amorous passions. Have minde on thy forepassed fortunes; feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least loving in hast, thou repent thee at leisure. Ah, but yet, Rosalynd, it is Rosader that courts thee: one who as he is beutifull, so hee is vertuous, and harboureth in his minde as manie good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious favours; and therefore Rosalynde stoope to love, least,

Love vs a passion

beeing eyther too coy or too cruell, Venus waxe wroth, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

Rosalynde thus passionate, was wakened from her dumpes by Aliena, who sayd it was time to goe to bed. Coridon swore that was true, for Charls Waine was risen in the north; wher-uppon each taking leave of other, went to their rest, all but the poore Rosalynde, who was so full of passions, that she could not possesse any content. Well, leaving her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The sunne was no sooner stept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganymede, who, restlesse all night, had tossed in her passions, saying it was then time to go to the field to unfold their sheepe. Aliena (that spied where the hare was by the hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasaunt with her Ganymede, and therefore replied thus: What, wanton; the sun is but new up, and as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosome of Flora: Phoebus hath not dried up the pearled dew, and so long Coridon hath taught me it is not fitte to lead the sheepe abroad, least the deaw being unwholesome, they get the rot: but now see I the old proverbe true, he is in hast whom the devill drives, and where love prickes forward,

there is no worse death then delay. Ah, my good page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thy heart? What, hast thou wrapt love in thy looks, and sette all thy thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame as harde to be quencht as that of Aetna. But nature must have her course: womens eies have faculty attractive like the jeat, and retentive like the diamond: they dally in the delight of faire objects, til gazing on the panthers beautiful skin, repenting experience tel them he hath a devouring paunch. Come on (quoth Ganimede) this sermon of yours is but a subiltie to lie stil a bed, because either you think the morning cold, or els I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this shift carries no paulme, and therefore up and away. And for Love, let me alone: Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdain as a charme to withstand his forces: and therefore looke you to your selfe: be not too bold, for Venus can make you bend, nor too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *peccavi*. And that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath raised you so earlie this morning. And with that she slipt on her peticoat, and start up; and assoone as she had made her ready, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with their bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of mynd then ever they were

meet
Rosa
again

in the court of Torismond. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assoone as Aliena saw him, she smiled, and sayd to Ganymede, Wipe your eyes, sweeting, for yonder is your sweet heart this morning in deep prayers, no doubt, to Venus, that she may make you as pitifull as hee is passionate. Come on, Ganimede, I pray thee, lets have a little sport with him. Content (quoth Ganimede) and with that, to waken him out of his deep *memento*, he began thus :

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions. What makes you so early abroad this morne? in contemplation, no doubt, of your Rosalynd. Take heede, forrester ; step not too farre, the foord may be deep, and you slip over your shooes. I tell thee, flyes have their spleen, the antes choller, the least haire shadows, and the smallest loves great desires. 'Tis good (forrester) to love, but not to overlove, least in loving her that likes not thee, thou fold thy selfe in an endlesse laborinth. Rosader, seeing the faire shepheardesse and her prettie swayne in whose company he felt the greatest ease of his care, hee returned them a salute on this maner.

Gentle shepheards, all haile, and as heathfull be your flocks as you happie in content. Love

is restlesse, and my bedde is but the cell of my bane, in that there I finde busie thoughtes and broken slumbers: heere (although every where passionate) yet I brooke love with more patience, in that everie object feedes mine eye with varietie of fancies. When I looke on Floraes beauteous tapestrie, checkered with the pride of all her treasure, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalynd, whose heavenly hue exceeds the rose and the lilly in their highest excellence: the brightnesse of Phoebus shine puts mee in minde to think of the sparkeling flames that flew from her eyes, and set my heart first on fire: the sweet harmony of the birds, puts me in remembrance of the rare melody of her voyce, which lyke the syren enchaunteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I salve my sorrowes, with applying the perfection of every object to the excellencie of her qualities.

She is much beholding unto you (quoth Aliena) and so much, that I have oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should ever prove as amorous as CEnone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this item, forrester? (quoth Ganimede) the faire shepheardesse favours you, who is mistresse of so manye flockes. Leave of, man, the supposition of Rosalynnds love, when as watching at her, you rove beyond the

moone, and cast your lookes upon my mistresse, who no doubt is as faire though not so royall, one bird in the hand is worth two in the wood : better possesse the love of Aliena, then catch furiously at the shadowe of Rosalynd.

Ile tel thee boy (quoth Rosader) so is my fancy fixed on my Rosalynde, that were thy mistresse as faire as Læda or Danae, whom Jove courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to entertaine their beauties : and so hath love lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellence of any other. Venus is to blame (forrester) if having so true a servant of you, shee reward you not with Rosalynd, if Rosalynd were more fairer than her self.

But leaving this prattle, now Ile put you in mynd of your promise about those sonnets, which you sayd were at home in your lodge.

I have them about mee (quoth Rosader) let us sit downe, and then you shall heare what a poetickall fury love will infuse into a man. With that they sate downe upon a greene banke, shadowed with figge trees, and Rosader, fetching a deep sigh, read them this sonnet.

ROSADERS SONNET

In sorowes cell I layd me downe to sleepe,
But waking woes were jealous of mine eyes,
They made them watch, and bend themselves to weepe,
But weeping teares their want could not suffice :
Yet since for her they wept who guides my hart,
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares a fountaine fiercely springs,
Where Venus baynes her selfe incenst with love,
Where Cupid bowseth his faire feathred wings,
But I behold what paines I must approve.
Care drinks it drie ; but when on her I thinke,
Love makes me weepe it full unto the brinke.

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce unto my teares,
By them the windes increast and fiercely blow :
Yet when I sigh the flame more plaine appeares,
And by their force with greater power doth glow :
Amids these paines, all Phoenix like I thrive
Since love, that yeelds me death, may life revive.

Rosader en esperance.

Now, surely, forrester (quoth Aliena), when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearfull, as despairing of thy mistresse favours, nor too glesome, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile (quoth Ganymede) at the sonettoes, canzones, madrigales, roundes and roundelaies, that these pensive patients powre out when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, then

their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest bayt to the fairest fish, so these Ovidians (holding *amo* in their tongues, when their thoughtes come at hap hazard) write that they bee wrapt in an endlesse laborinth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they only have their humours in their inckpot. If they find women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they be full gorgde with pleasures; and then flye they away (like ramage kytes) to their own content, leaving the tame foole, their mistresse, full of fancie, yet without ever a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some wary wanton, that wants not such a one as themselves, but spies their subiltie), they ende their amors with a few fained sighes; and so theyr excuse is, their mistresse is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. { Such, gentle forrester, we may deeme you to be, that rather passe away the time heere in these woods with wryting amoretts, then to be deeply enamoured (as you say) of your Rosalynde. } If you bee such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortunes at the highest, and your desires to bee most excellent, then that you may with Ixion embrace Juno in a cloude, and have nothing but a marble mistresse to release your martyrdome; but if you be true and trustie,

eye-paynd and heart sick, then accursed be Rosalynd if she proove cruel: for, forrester (I flatter not), thou art worthie of as faire as shee. Aliena, spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how Ganymede flew to the fist without any call; but Rosader, who tooke him flat for a shepheards swayne, made him this answer.

Trust me, swayne (quoth Rosader), but my canzon was written in no such humor; for mine eye and my heart are relatives, the one drawing fancy by sight, the other entreteining her by sorrow. If thou sawest my Rosalynd, with what beauties Nature hath favoured her—with what perfection the heavens hath graced her—with what qualities the gods have endued her, then woulst thou say, there is none so fickle that could be fleeting unto her. If she had been Æneas, Dido, had Venus and Juno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellence, despite of them, would have detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had been as beautiful, or Ariadne as vertuous, or both as honourable and excellent as she, neither had the philbert tree sorrowed in the death of despairing Phillis, nor the starres been graced with Ariadne, but Demophoon and Theseus had been trustie to their paragons. I wil tel thee, swayne, if with a deep insight thou couldst pierce into the secrets of my loves, and see what deep

fallen

*Rosalynde enters Rosader into
telling her love for him in the presence of
Ganimede. He tells all, she is silent*

impressions of her idea affection hath made in my heart, then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse indued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Aliena) needs there patience in love? Or else in nothing (quoth Rosader); for it is a restlesse sore, that hath no ease; a cankar that still frets; a disease that taketh away all hope of sleepe. If then so many sorrowes, sodaine joyes, momentary pleasures, continuall feares, daily griefes, and nightly woes be founde in love, then is not hee to bee accounted patient that smothers all these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganimede) and therefore we hold al thy wordes for axiomes. But is love such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth he) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the partie that entertaines it; for, as the weedes grow longer untoucht then the prettie floures, and the flint lyes safe in the quarry, when the emerauld is suffering the lapidaries toole, so meane men are freed from Venus injuries, when kings are environed with a laborinth of her cares. The whiter the lawne is, the deeper is the moale; the more purer the chrysolite, the sooner stained; and such as have their hearts ful of honour, have their loves ful of the greatest sorowes. But in whomsoever (quoth Rosader) hee fixeth his dart, hee never leaveth to assault

him, till either hee hath wonne him to folly or fancy; for as the moone never goes without the starre lunisequa, so a lover never goeth without the unrest of his thoughts. For prooffe you shall heare another fancy of my making. Now doo, gentle forrester (quoth Ganimede); and with that he read over this sonetto.

ROSADERS SECOND SONETTO.

Turne I my lookes unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eies;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then [in] every floure is found.
Search I the shade to flie my paine,
He meets me in the shade againe:
Wend I to walke in secret grove,
Even there I meet with sacred love.
If so I bayne me in the spring,
Even on the brinke I heare him sing:
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my mone.
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
And where I am, there will he be.
When, as I talke of Rosalynd,
The god from coyresse waxeth kind,
And seems in self same flames to fry,
Because he loves as well as I.
Sweet Rosalynd, for pittie rue;
For why, then Love I am more true:
He, if he speed, will quickly flie,
But in thy love I live and die.

How like you this sonnet (quoth Rosader)?
 Marry (quoth Ganimede), for the pen well, for
 the passion ill; for as I praise the one, I pitie
 the other, in that thou shouldest hunt after a
 cloude, and love either without reward or regard.
 Tis neither frowardnesse (quoth Rosader), but
 my hard fortunes, whose destenies have crost
 me with her absence; for did shee feele my
 loves, she would not let me linger in these
 sorrowes. Women, as they are faire, so they
 respect faith, and estimate more (if they be
 honourable) the wil than the wealth, having
 loyaltie the object wherat they ayme their
 fancies. But leaving off these interparleyes,
 you shall heare my last sonnetto, and then you
 have heard all my poetry; and with that he
 sight out this:—

ROSADERS THIRD SONNET.

Of vertuous love myself may boast alone,
 Since no suspect my service may attaint:
 For perfect faire she is the only one
 Whom I csteem for my beloved saint.
 Thus, for my faith I only beare the bell,
 And for her faire she only doth excell.

Then let fond Petrarch shrowd his Lawraes praise,
 And Tasso cease to publish his affect,
 Since mine the faith confirmd at all assaies,
 And hers the faire, which all men do respect.
 My lines hir faire, hir faire my faith assures;
 Thus I by love, and love by me indures.

Thus (quoth Rosader), here is an ende of my poems, but for all this no release of my passions ; so that I resemble him that, in the deapth of his distresse, hath none but the eccho to answere him. Ganimede, pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the sunne was in his meridianall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore wee shepheards say, tis time to go to dinner ; for the sunne and our stomackes are shepheards dials. Therefore, forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their courtly junkets.

Assoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheare, would have been gone ; but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus : Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe : I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See

in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her ; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie. Content (quoth Rosader), and Aliena, shee, to shew her willingnesse, drew forth a recorder, and began to winde it. Then the lovyng Forrester began thus.

THE WOONG EGLOGUE BETWIXT ROSALYNDE
AND ROSADER.

Rosader.

I pray thee, nymph, by all the working words,
By all the teares and sighs that lovers know,
Or what our thoughts or faltring tongue affords,
I crave for mine in ripping up my woe.
Sweet Rosalynd, my love (would God, my love)
My life (would God, my life), aye, pitie me !
Thy lips are kind, and humble like the dove,
And but with beautie pitie wil not be.
Looke on mine eyes, made red with rufull teares,
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth,
All pale in lookes, and I though yoong in yeares,
And nought but love or death my dayes befriendeth.
Oh let no stormy rigour knit thy browes,
Which love appointed for his mercy seat :
The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes ;
The yron yeels with hammer, and to heat.
Oh, Rosalynd, then be thou pittifull,
For Rosalynd is only beautifull.

Rosalynde.

Loves wantons arme their traitrous sutes with teares,
 With vows, with oaths, with lookes, with showers of gold ;
 But when the fruit of their affects appeares,
 The simple heart by subtil sleights is sold.
 Thus sucks the yeelding eare the poysoned bait,
 Thus feeds the hart upon his endles harmes,
 Thus glut the thoughts themselves on self deceit,
 Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtil charmes.
 The lovely lookes, the sighs that storme so sore,
 The deaw of deep dissembled doublenesse,
 These may attempt, but are of power no more
 Where beauty leanes to wit and soothfastnesse.
 Oh, Rosader, then be thou wittifull,
 For Rosalynd scorns foolish pitifull.

Rosader.

I pray thee, Rosalynd, by those sweet eyes
 That stain the sun in shine, the morne in cleare,
 By those sweet cheeks where Love incamped lyes
 To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.
 I tempt thee, Rosalynd, by ruthfull plaints,
 Not seasoned with deceit or fraudfull guile,
 But firm in payn, far more than toong depaints,
 Sweet Nymph, be kind, and grace me with a smile.
 So may the heavens preserve from hurtfull food
 Thy harmless flockes ; so may the summer yeeld
 The pride of all her riches and her good,
 To fat thy sheepe (the cittizens of field.)
 Oh, leave to arme thy lovely browes with scorne :
 The birds their beake, the lyon hath his taile,
 And lovers nought but sighs and bitter mourne,
 The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.
 Oh, Rosalynde, then be thou pittifull,
 For Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

Rosalynde.

The hardned steele by fire is brought in frame.

Rosader.

And Rosalynde, my love, than any wooll more softer ;
And shall not sighes her tender hart inflame ?

Rosalynde.

Were lovers true, maydes would beleewe them ofter.

Rosader.

Truth, and regard, and honour, guid my love.

Rosalynde.

Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.

Rosader.

Oh pittie me, sweet nymph, and do but prove.

Rosalynde.

I would resist, but yet I know not why.

Rosader.

Oh, Rosalynde, be kinde, for times will change,
Thy lookes ay nill be faire as now they be ;
Thine age from beautie may thy lookes estrange :
Ah, yeeld in time, sweet nymph, and pittie me.

Rosalynde.

Oh, Rosalynde, thou must be pittifull,
For Rosader is yong and beautifull.

Rosader.

Oh gaine, more great than kingdomes or a crowne !

Rosalynde.

Oh trust betraid if Rosader abuse me.

Rosader.

First let the heavens conspire to pull me downe
And heaven and earth as abject quite refuse me,
Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower,
And retchless horror hatch within my brest :
Let beauties eye afflict me with a lower,
Let deepe despair pursue me without rest,
Ere Rosalynde my loyaltie disprove,
Ere Rosalynde accuse me for unkind.

Rosalynde.

Then Rosalynde will grace thee with her love,
Then Rosalynde will have thee still in mind.

Rosader.

Then let me triumph more than Tithons dcere,
Since Rosalynde will Rosader respect :
Then let my face exile his sorry cheere,
And frolike in the comfort of affect ;
And say that Rosalynde is onely pittifull,
Since Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finished their courting eglogue in such a familiar clause, Ganimede, as augure of some good fortunes to light upon their affections, began to be thus pleasant. How now, forrester, have I not fitted your turne? Have I not playde the woman handsomely, and shewed myselfe as coy in graunts as courteous in desires, and beene as full of suspition, as men of flattery, and yet to salve all, jumpe I not all up with the sweet union of love? Did not Rosalynde content her Rosader? The forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes made this merrie reply.

Truth, gentle swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynde; but as Ixion had Juno, who, thinking to possesse a goddessse, only imbraced a clowd: in these imaginary fruitions of fancie I resemble the birds that fed themselves with Zeuxis painted grapes; but they grew so leane with pecking at shadows, that they were glad, with Æsops cocke, to scrape for a barley cornell. So fareth it with me, who to feed my self with the hope of my mistres favors, sooth my selfe in thy sutes, and onely in conceipt reape a wished for content; but if my foode bee no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeares end, shal find me but a leane lover. Yet do I take these follyes for high



ALIENA PLAYS THE PRIEST



fortunes, and hope these fained affections do devine some unfained ende of ensuing fancies. And thereupon (quoth Aliena) Ile play the priest: from this daye forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so wee le have a marriage. Content (quoth Rosader) and laught. Content (quoth Ganimede) and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and woonne his Rosalynde.

But all was well; hope is a sweet string to harpe on, and therfore let the forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarrie fortunes leysure, till she may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse; and therefore to Aliena, who saide, the wedding was not worth a pinne, unless there were some cheare, nor that bargaine well made that was not stricken up with a cuppe of wine: and therefore she wild Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester, as he had imagined his loves, so to conceipt these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a mazer of wine and to drinke to his Rosalynde; which Rosader did, and so they passed awaye the day in many pleasant devices. Till at last Aliena perceyved

time would tarry no man, and that the sun waxed very low, readie to set, which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh carrowse: which done, they all three arose, and Aliena brake off thus.

Now, forrester, Phœbus that all this while hath beene partaker of our sports, seeing every woodman more fortunate in his loves than he in his fancies, seeing thou hast wooon Rosalynde, when he could not woo Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids us adiew in a clowd. Our sheepe, they poore wantons, wander towards their foldes, as taught by nature their due times of rest, which tels us, forrester, we must depart. Marry, though there were a marriage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mee, and tomorrow morning if you meete us heere, Ile promise to deliver you her as good a mayd as I find her. Content (quoth Rosader) tis enough for me in the night to dreame on love, that in the day am so fond to doate on love: and so till to morrowe you to your folds, and I will to my lodge. And thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went and folded their flocks, and taking up their hookes, their bags, and their bottles, hyed homeward. By the way Aliena (to make the time seeme short) began to prattle with Ganimede thus. I have heard them say, that

what the Fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period; that the starres are slickers in Venus court, and Desire hangs at the heele of Destenie: if it be so, then by all probable conjectures, this match will be a marriage: for if augurisme be authentically, or the devines doomes principles, it cannot bee but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that ende did the gods force the conceit of this eglogue, that they might discover the ensuing consent of your affections: so that ere it bee long, I hope (in earnest) to daunce at your wedding.

Tush (quoth Ganimede) all is not malte that is cast on the kill: there goes more wordes to a bargaine than one. Love feeles no footing in the aire, and Fancie holdes it slippery harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but hee may misse of his market; but if fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle mistresse Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth she) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours; for now I hope your thoughts will bee at quiet: your eye that ever looked at love, will now lende a glauce on your lambes, and then they will prove more buxsome, and you more blyth, for the eyes of the maister feedes the cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spyed olde

Coridon where he came plodding to meet them, who told them supper was ready, which news made them speed them home. Where we will leave them to the next morrow, and returne to Saladyne.

*Back to
Saladyne*

All this while did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France by Torismond) wander up and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the forrest beeing full of by pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her

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champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare speare in his hande in great haste. He spyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him : amazed at this sight, as he stooode gazing, (his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his.) Where-uppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distresse and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated with himselfe.

ROSADERS MEDITATION.

Now, Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thee with nettles, meanes to salve thee with roses, and having crost thee with many frownes,

Rosader

*Heavenly comfort
by common
S. 100.*

now she presents thee with the brightnesse of her favors. Thou that didst count thyselfe the most distressed of all men, maiest account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men, if fortune can make men happy, or sweet revenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seest Saladyne thine enemie, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subject to the crueltie of a mercilesse lyon, brought into this miserie by the gods, that they might seeme just in revenging his rigour, and thy injuries. ¶ Seest thou not how the starres are in a favourable aspect, the planets in some pleasing conjunction, the fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladyne shall die, and thou bee free of his blood, he receive meed for his amisse, and thou erect his tombe with innocent handes. ¶ Now, Rosader, shalt thou retourne unto Bourdeaux and enjoy thy possessions by birth, and his revenews by inheritance: now mayest thou triumph in love, and hang fortunes altars with garlands. For when Rosalynde heares of thy wealth, it will make her love thee the more willingly, for womens eyes are made of chrisecoll, that is ever unperfect unlesse tempred with gold, and Jupiter soonest enjoyed Danae, because hee came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shall this lyon

(Rosader) ende the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to be most fortunate. And with that, casting his boare speare on his necke, away he began to trudge.

But hee had not stept backe two or three paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very hart, that resting his boare speare against his brest, he fell into this passionate humour.

Ah, Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and the most hardiest knight in all Europe? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne? and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe breath out this golden principle? Brothers amitie is like the drops of Balsamum, that salvethe the most dangerous sores. Did he make a large exhort unto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe carelesse? Oh Rosader, what though Saladyne hath wronged thee, and made thee live an exile in the forrest, shall thy nature bee so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so savage, as to suffer so dismall a revenge? What, to let him be devoured by wilde beastes? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit* is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Loose not his life Rosader, to win a worlde of treasure; for in having him thou hast a brother, and by

hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcilest an enemy : and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasuring a foe, than revenging a thousand injuries.

With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost faine ; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded. He presently (as he was of a ripe conceipt) began to conjecture that the gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon (as a man in a traunce) he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother, being in that disguise, at last he burst into these tearmes.

Sir, whatsoever thou be (as full of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy present valour) I perceive thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saved my life

most
possible
conjecture
fix

with thine own losse, which tyes me to be thine in all humble service. Thankes thou shalt have as thy due, and more thou canst not have, for my abilitie denies me to performe a deeper debt. But if any wayes it please thee to commaund me, use mee as farre as the power of a poore gentleman may stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was unknowne to his brother, woondered to heare such courteous wordes come from his crabbed nature; but glad of such reformed nurture, he made this answer. I am, sir (whatsoever thou art) a forrester and ranger of these walkes, who, following my deere to the fall, was conducted hither by some assenting fate, that I might save thee, and disparage my selfe. For comming into this place, I saw thee a sleepe, and the lyon watching thy awake, that at thy rising hee might pray uppon thy carkasse. At the first sight I conjectured thee a gentleman (for all mens thoughts ought to bee favorable in imagination) and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of his owne blood, which I have performed (thou seest) to mine owne prejudice. If therefore thou be a man of such worth as I value thee by thy exterior liniments, make discourse unto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes; for by the furrowes in thy

reformed

face thou seemest to be crost with her frownes :
 but whatsoever, or howsoever, lette mee crave
 that favour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy
 estate. > Saladyne sitting downe, and fetching
 a deepe sigh, began thus.

*S. tells his
 troubles*

SALADYNES DISCOURSE TO ROSADER UNKNOWNNE.

Although the discourse of my fortunes be
 the renewing of my sorrowes, and the rubbing
 of the scarre will open a fresh wound, yet that
 I may not proove ingratefull to so courteous a
 gentleman, I wil rather sitte downe and sigh
 out my estate, then give any offence by smother-
 ing my grieffe with silence. Knowe therefore
 (sir) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne
 and heyre of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a man for
 his vertues and valour so famous, that I cannot
 thinke but the fame of his honours hath reacht
 further than the knowledge of his personage.
 The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a knight
 am I, my name, Saladine; who succeeding
 my father in possessions, but not in qualities,
 having two brethren committed by my father
 at his death to my charge, with such golden
 principles of brotherly concorde, as might have
 pierst like the syrens melodie into any humane
 eare. But I (with Ulisses became deafe against
 his philosophicall harmony, and made more


value of profit than of vertue, esteeming gold sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie. I sette my middle brother to the universitie to bee a scholler, counting it enough if he might pore on a booke while I fed on his revenewes; and for the yoongest (which was my fathers joye) yoong Rosader—And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladyne sate him downe and wept.

*confesses
sins to
brother*

Nay, forward man (quoth the forrester) teares are the unfittest salve that any man can apply for to cure sorrows, and therefore cease from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye to deceive, not out of a gentlemans looke to discover his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

Ah, sir (quoth Saladyne) this Rosader that wrings tears from my eyes, and blood from my heart, was like my father in exterior personage and in inward qualities; for in the prime of his yeres he aymed all his acts at honor, and coveted rather to die than to brooke any injury unworthy a gentlemans credite. I, whom envy had made blinde, and covetousnesse masked with the vayle of selfe-love, seeing the palme tree grow straight, thought to suppress it, being a twig; but nature wil have her course, the cedar will be tall, the diamond bright, the carbuncle glistering, and vertue wil shine though

*repents
treachery
of Rosader*

it be never so much obscured. For I kept Rosader as a slave, and used him as one of my servile hundes, until age grew on, and a secret insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch, that he could not brooke it, but coveted to have what his father left him, and to live of himselfe. To be short, sir, I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me, not with abilitie but valour, until at last, by my friends, and ayde of such as folowed gold more than right or vertue, I banisht him from Bourdeaux, and hee, poore gentleman, lives no man knowes where, in some distressed discontent. The gods, not able to suffer such impietie unrevenged, so wrought, that the king pickt a causelesse quarrel against me, in hope to have my lands, and so hath exiled me out of France for ever. Thus, thus, sir, am I the most miserable of al men, as having a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I profered Rosader, and a touch in my estate to be throwne from my proper possessions by injustice.  Passionat thus with many griefs, in penance of my former follies I go thus pilgrime like to seeke out my brother, that I may reconcile myselfe to him in all submission, and afterward wend to the Holy Land, to ende my yeares in as many vertues as I have spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader, hearing the resolution of his brother



SALADYNE AND ROSADER RECONCILED



mythical drawing of brother to brother,
a 17 cen. convention

ROSALYNDE

115

Saladyne, began to compassionate his sorrowes, and not able to smother the sparkes of nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these loving speeches. Then know, Saladyne, (quoth hee) that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieves as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen of thy misery. Saladyne casting up his eye, and noting well the phisnomy of the forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him, which he did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held revenge in scorne. Much ado there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one submissee, the other curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving, that at length nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his brother to the king, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The king looking upon Saladyne, found him a man of a most

P. Leavelle
humily it

F. Leavelle
etc.

King accepts
S.
beautiful personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of ensuing honors, gave him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconciliation, promised such favour as the povertie of his estate might afford, which Saladyne gratefully accepted. And so Gerismond fell to question Torismonds life. Saladyne briefly discourst unto him his injustice and tyrannies with such modestie (although hee had wronged him) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the yoong gentleman.

Asks Rosalinde
Rosalinde
Many questions past, but at last Gerismond began with a deepe sigh to inquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his daughter Rosalynd? None, sir, quoth Saladyne, for since their departure they were never heard of. Injurious fortune (quoth the king) that to double the fathers miserie, wrongst the daughter with misfortunes! And with that (surcharged with sorrowes) he went into his cell, and left Saladyne and Rosader, whome Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer. Who, seeing Saladyne in that estate, was in a browne study; but when he heard the whole matter, although hee grieved for the exile of his maister, yet he joyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lascivious youth he was proved a vertuous gentleman. Looking a longer while, and seeing what familiaritie past

Adam Spencer
spoke

betweene them, and what favours were inter-
 changed with brotherly affection, he sayd thus.
 I marry, thus it should be : this was the concord
 that old Sir John of Bourdeaux wisht betwyxt you.
 Now fulfil you those precepts hee breathed out
 at his death, and in observing them, looke to
 live fortunate and die honorable. Well sayd,
 Adam Spencer (quoth Rosader), but hast any
 victuals in store for us? A piece of a red deer
 (quoth he) and a bottle of wine. Tis forresters
 fare, brother, quoth Rosader : and so they sat
 downe and fel to their cates. Assoone as they
 had taken their repast, and had wel dined,
 Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the
 hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the
 forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that
 mean estate. Thus for two or three dayes he
 walked up and downe with his brother to shew
 him all the commodities that belonged to his
 walke. In which time hee was mist of his
 Ganymede, who mused greatly (with Aliena)
 what should become of their forester. Some
 while they thought he had taken some word
 unkindly, and had taken the pet : then they
 imagined some new love had withdrawne his
 fancie, or happely that he was sicke, or detained
 by some great businesse of Gerismonds ; or that
 hee had made a reconcilment with his brother,
 and so returned to Bourdeaux.

*Moral advice
 from Adam Sp.*

*Back to
 A + G
 Good
 transition*

These conjectures did they cast in their heades, but specially Ganimede, who, havynge love in heart, prooved restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged her with so long absence; for Love measures every minute, and thinkes houres to bee dayes, and dayes to bee moneths, till they feede theyr eyes with the sight of theyr desired object. Thus perplexed lived poore Ganimede, while on a day, sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forrest bill on his necke. At that sight her colour changde, and shee said to Aliena, See, mistresse, where our jolly forrester comes. And you are not a little glad thereof (quoth Aliena), your nose bewrayes what porredge you love: the winde cannot be tyed within his quarter, the sun shadowed with a vayle, oyle hidden in water, nor love kept out of a womans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. Assoone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues ende, Aliena began thus. Why, how now, gentle forrester, what winde hath kept thee from hence? that being so newly marryed, you have no more care of your Rosalynd, but to absent yourself so many dayes? are these the passions you painted out so in your sonnets and roundelaies? I see well hote love is soone cold, and that the

fancy of men is like to a loose feather that wandreth in the ayre with the blast of every wynd. You are deceived, mistres, quoth Rosader; 'twas a copy of unkindnes that kept me hence, in that, I being married, you caried away the bride: but if I have given any occasion of offence by absenting my selfe these three daies, I humbly sue for pardon, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendly confest with penance. But to tel you the truth (faire mistresse, and my good Rosalynd) my eldest brother by the injury of Torismond is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chance hee and I met in the forrest. And heere Rosader discourst unto them what had happened betwixt them, which reconcilment made them glad, especially Ganimede. But Aliena, hearing of the tyrannie of her father, grieved inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecy, that the concealing was more sorrow then the conceipt: yet that her estate might bee hyd stil, she made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune that sawe how these parties valued not her deitie, but helde her power in scorne, thought to have about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine rascals that lived by prowling in the forest, who for feare of the provost marshall had caves in the groaves and thicketts to shrowde themselves from his

traines, hearing of the beautie of this faire shepheardesse, Aliena, thought to steale her away, and to give her to the king for a present ; hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her and her page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and layd violent hands upon Aliena and her page, which made them crye out to Rosader ; who having the valour of his father stamped in his hart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, than any way bee toucht with the least blemish of dishonour, and therefore dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did witnesse well upon their carkasses that hee was no coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, having none to backe him ; so that hee was not onely rebatted, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had been quite carryed away by these rascalles, had not ~~fortune~~ (that meant to turne her frowne into a favour) brought Saladyne that way by chance, who wandring to find out his brothers walk, encountred this crue : and seeing not onely a shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, he heaved up a forrest bill he had on his neck, and the first he stroke had never after more need of the phisition ;

redoubling his blowes with such courage that the slaves were amazed at his valour. Rosader, espying his brother so fortunately arrived, and sceing how valiantly he behaved himselfe, though sore wounded rushed amongst them, and layd on such loade, that some of the crue were slaine, and the rest fled, leaving Aliena and Ganimede in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne.

Aliena after shee had breathed awhile and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie dressing up the woundes of the forrester: but shee cast her eye upon this curteous champion that had made so hotte a rescue, and that with such affection, that shee began to measure every part of him with favour, and in her selfe to commende his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troupe of unbrydeled villaines. At last, gathering her spirits together, she returned him these thanks.

Gentle sir, whatsoever you bee that have adventured your flesh to relieve our fortunes, and seem to have as many hidden vertues as you have manifest resolutions. Wee poore shepherdes have no wealth but our flocks, and therefore can wee not make requitall with any great treasures; but our recompence is thanks, and our rewards to our friends without faining.

For rannsme therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde gramercy as a poore shepheardesse and her page may give, with promise (in what wee may) never to proove ingratefull. For this gentleman that is hurt, yoong Rosader, hee is our good neighbour and familiar acquaintance: weele pay him with smiles, and feed him with love-lookes; and though he be never the fatter at the yeares ende, yet weele so hamper him that he shall hold himselfe satisfied.

Saladyne, hearing this shepheardesse speake so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to survey all her liniaments with a curious insight; so long dallying in the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent. For love that lurked in all these broyles to have a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountered them both with such a veny, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deep as it could never after be raced out. At last, after hee had looked so long, till Aliena waxt red, he returned her this answer.

Faire shepheardesse, if Fortune graced me with such good hap as to doo you any favour, I hold my selfe as contented as if I had gotten a great conquest; for the reliefe of distressed women is the speciall point that gentlemen are tyed unto by honor: seeing then my hazard to

rescue your harmes was rather duty than curtesie, thanks is more than belongs to the requitall of such a favour. But least I might seeme either too coy or too carelesse of a gentlewomans proffer, I will take your kinde gramercie for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganymede lookt earnestly upon him, and sayd, Truly, Rosader, this gentleman favours you much in the feature of your face. No marvell (quoth he, gentle swayne) for tis my eldest brother Saladyne. Your brother, quoth Aliena? (and with that she blusht) he is the more welcome, and I hold myselfe the more his debter: and for that he hath in my behalf done such a piece of service, if it please him to do me that honor, I will cal him servant, and he shall cal me mistresse. Content, sweet mistresse, quoth Saladyne, and when I forget to call you so, I will be unmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of love, quoth Rosader, and give me some drinke, for I am passyng thirstie, and then will I home, for my woundes bleed sore, and I will have them drest. Ganymede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart to see her Rosader so payned, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a mazer, she spiced it with such comfortable drugges as she had about her, and gave it him, which did comfort

Rosader, that rysing (with the helpe of his brother) hee tooke his leave of them, and went to his lodge. Ganimede, assoone as they were out of sight, led ~~his~~ flocks downe to a vale, and there under the shadow of a beech tree sat downe, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweet heart.

And Aliena (as a woman passyng discontent) severing herselfe from her Ganimede, sitting under a lymon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her new love, and to meditate with hir selfe in this maner.

ALIENAES MEDITATION.

Aye me! now I see, and sorrowing sigh to see, that Dianaes lawrels are harbours for Venus doves; that there trace as well through the lawnes wantons as chaste ones; that Calisto, be she never so charie, wil cast one amorous eye at courting Jove; that Diana her selfe will chaunge her shape, but shee will honour Love in a shaddow; that maydens eyes bee they as hard as diamonds, yet Cupide hath drugs to make them more pliable than waxe. See, Alinda, how Fortune and Love have interleagued themselves to be thy foes, and to make thee theyr subject, or els an abject, have inveigled thy sight with a most beautiful

object. Alate thou didst hold Venus for a giglot, not a goddess, and now thou shalt bee forst to sue suppliant to her deitie. Cupide was a boy and blinde ; but, alas, his eye had ayme enough to pierce thee to the hart. While I lived in the court I held love in contempt, and in high seats I had small desires. I knew not affection while I lived in dignitie, nor could Venus counterchecke me, as long as my fortune was majestie, and my thoughtes honour : and shall I now bee high in desires, when I am made lowe by destinie ? I have heard them say, that Love lookes not at low cottages, that Venus jettes in robes not in ragges, that Cupide flies so high, that hee scornes to touch povertie with his heele. Tush, Alinda, these are but olde wives tales, and neither authentically precepts, nor infallible principles ; for experience tels thee, that peasauntes have their passions as well as princes, that swaynes as they have their labours, so they have their amoures, and Love lurkes assoone about a sheepcoate as a pallaice.

Ah, Alinda, this day in avoyding a prejudice thou art fallen into a deeper mischief ; being rescued from the robbers, thou art become captive to Saladyne : and what then ? Women must love, or they must cease to live ; and therefore did nature frame them faire, that they

might be subject to fancy. But perhaps Saladines eye is levelde upon a more seemlier saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience ; say Love hath wrongd thee, that hath not wroong him ; and if he be proud in contempt, be thou rich in content, and rather dye than discover any desire : for there is nothing more pretious in a woman than to conceale love, and to die modest. He is the sonne and heire of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough. Oh, Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou been thus discontent : valiant, and that fettered thine eye : wise, else hadst thou not been now wonne ; and for all these vertues banished by thy father, and therefore if he know thy parentage, he wil hate the fruit for the tree, and condemne the yong sien for the old stock. Well, howsoever, I must love, and whomsoever I will ; and, whatsoever betide, Aliena will thinke wel of Saladyne, suppose he of me as he please.

And with that fetching a deep sigh, she rise up, and went to Ganimede, who all this while sat in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader : but now Aliena began to comfort her, her selfe being over growne with sorrowes, and to recall her from her melancholy with many pleasaunt perswasions. Ganimede tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their

flocks, supping with old Coridon, who had provided there cates. Hee, after supper, to passe away the night while bed time, began a long discourse, how Montanus the yoong shepheard, that was in love with Phœbe, could by no meanes obtaine any favour at her hands, but still pained in restlesse passions remained a hopelesse and perplexed lover. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phœbe. Is she so faire that she thinks no shepheard worthy of her beauty? or so froward that no love nor loyaltie will content her? or so coy, that she requires a long time to be wooed? or so foolish that she forgets, that like a fop she must have a large harvest for a little come?

I cannot distinguish (quoth Coridon) of these nice qualities; but one of these dayes Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you may both see their persons, and note their passions; and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, quoth Coridon, if al maidens were of her mind, the world would grow to a mad passe; for there would be great store of wooing and little wedding, many words and little worship, much folly and no faith. At this sad sentence of Coridon, so solempnly brought forth, Aliena smiled, and because it waxt late, she and her page went to bed, both of them having fleas in their eares to keep them awake, Ganimede for

the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladyne. In this discontented humour they past away the time, till falling on sleepe, their sences at rest, Love left them to their quiet slumbers, which were not long. For as soon as Phoebus rose from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the skie, summoning plough-swaines to their handy labour, Aliena arose, and going to the couch where Ganimede lay, awakened her page, and said the morning was farre spent, the deaw small, and time called them away to their foldes. Ah, ah ! quoth Ganimede, is the wind in that doore ? then in fayth I perceive that there is no diamond so hard but will yeeld to the file, no cedar so strong but the wind will shake, nor any mind so chaste but love will change. Well, Aliena, must Saladyne be the man, and will it be a match ? Trust me, he is faire and valiant, the sonne of a worthy knight, whome if he imitate in perfection, as he represents him in proportion, he is worthy of no lesse than Aliena. But he is an exile. What then ? I hope my mistresse respectes the vertues not the wealth, and measures the qualities not the substance. Those dames that are like Danae, that like Jove in no shape but in a shower of gold, I wish them husbands with much wealth and little witte, that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It

should (my *Aliena*) stayne the honour of a shepheards life to set the end of passions upon pelfe. Loves eyes looks not so low as golde: there is no fees to be payd in Cupids courtes, and in elder time (as *Coridon* hath told me) the shepheardes love-gifts were apples and chestnuts, and then their desires were loyall, and their thoughts constant. But now,

Quærenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

And the time is grown to that which *Horace* in his satyres wrote on :

Omnis enim res

*Virtus fama decus divina humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent: quas qui constrinxerit ille
Clarus erit, fortis, justus, sapiens, etiam et rex
Et quicquid volet—*

But, *Aliena*, lette it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect his faith and there an ende. *Aliena*, hearing *Ganimede* thus forward to further *Saladyne* in his affections, thought shee kist the child for the nurses sake, and woe'd for him that she might please *Rosader*, made this reply. Why, *Ganimede*, whereof growes this perswasion? Hast thou seene love in my lookes, or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that they discover some newe entertayned fancies? If thou measurest my thoughts by my countenance, thou maiest prove as ill a phisiognomer, as the lapidarie that

aymes at the secret vertues of the topaze by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the agate is not known by the strakes, nor the diamond prized by his brightnesse, but by his hardnesse. The carbuncle that shineth most is not ever the most pretious ; and the apothecaries choose not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwayes calenders of fancie, nor do their thoughts and their lookes ever agree ; for when their eyes are fullest of favors, then are they oft most emptie of desire ; and when they seeme to frowne at disdain, then are they most forward to affection. If I bee melancholie, then, Ganimede, tis not a consequence that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladyne. But seeing fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor love kept so covert but it will be spyed, why shoulde friends conceale fancies ? knowe, my Ganimede, the beautie and valour, the wit and prowesse of Saladyne hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no object pleasing to her eyes but the sight of Saladyne ; and if Love have done me justice to wrap his thoughts in the foldes of my face, and that he be as deeply enamoured as I am passionate, I tell thee, Ganimede, there shall not be much wooing, for she is already wonne, and what needes a longer battery. I am glad, quoth Ganimede, that it shall be thus proportioned,

you to match with Saladyne, and I with Rosader : thus have the destenies favoured us with some pleasing aspect, that have made us as private in our loves, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start up, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe under an olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversly affected, Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganimede sorowing for the wounds of her Rosader ; not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his hast). What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post ? Oh, mistres (quoth Coridon) you have a long time desired to see Phœbe, the faire shepheardesse whom Montanus love ; so now if you please, you and Ganimede, to walke with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with her countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she held love in disdaine.

The newes were so welcome to the two lovers, that up they rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phœbe sate (the fairest shep-herdesse in all Arden, and he the frolickst swaine

in the whole forrest) she in a petticoate of scarlet, covered with a green mantle, and to shrowd her from the sunne, a chaplet of roses, from under which appeared a face full of natures excellence, and two such eyes as might have amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze uppon this gorgeous nymph sate the shepheard, feeding his eyes with her favours, wooing with such piteous lookes, and courting with such deepe strained sighs, as would have made Diana her selfe to have beene compassionate: at last, fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hande, and his elbow on his knee, hee sung this mournefull dittie.

MONTANUS SONNET.

A turtle sate upon a leavelesse tree,
Mourning her absent pheare,
With sad and sorry cheare :
About her wondring stood
The citizens of wood,
And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her love laments,
The stately trees complaine them,
The birds with sorrow paine them.
Each one that doth her view,
Her paine and sorrowes rue ;
But were the sorrowes knowne
That me hath overthrowne,
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if shee did looke on me ?



MONTANUS SONNET

The love sicke Polypheme, that could not see,
 Who on the barraine shore,
 His fortunes doth deplore,
 And melteth all in mone
 For Galatea gone ;
 And with his piteous cries,
 Afflicts both earth and skies,
 And to his woe betooke,
 Doth breake both pipe and hooke ;
 For whom complaines the morne,
 For whom the sea nymphs mourne :
 Alas, his paine is nought ;
 For were my woe but thought,
 Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if shee did looke on me ?

Beyond compare my paine ;
 Yet glad am I,
 If gentle Phoebe daine
 To see her Montan die.

After this, Montanus felte his passions so
 extreame, that he fel into this exclamation
 against the injustice of Love :—

Helas Tirant, plein de rigueur,
 Modere un peu ta violence :
 Que te sert si grande dispense ?
 C'est trop de flammes pour un cuer. 70
 Esparguez en une estincelle,
 Puis say ton effort d'esmovoir,
 La fiere qui ne veut point voir,
 En quel feu je brousele pour elle.
 Execute, amour, ce dessein,
 Et rabaisse un peu son audace :
 Son cuer ne doit estre de glace,
 Bien que elle ait de niege le sein.

Montanus ended his sonet with such a volley of sighs, and such a streame of teares, as might have moved any but Phœbe to have granted him favor. But she, measuring all his passions with a coy disdain, and triumphing in the poore shepherds patheticall humors, smiling at his martyrdom as though love had beene no maladie, scornfully warbled out this sonet.

PHÆBES SONET, A REPLIE TO MONTANUS
PASSION.

Downe a downe,
Thus Phyllis sung,
By fancie once distressed :
Who so by foolish love are stung,
Are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I. With a downe, downe, &c.

When Love was first begot,
And by the movers will
Did fall to humane lot
His solace to fulfill,
Devoid of all deceit,
A chaste and holy fire
Did quicken mans conceipt,
And womens brest inspire.
The Gods that saw the good
That mortalls did approve,
With kind and holy mood,
Began to talke of Love.

Downe a downe,
Thus Phyllis sung
By fancie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,
 A wonder strange to heare,
 Whilest Love in deed and word
 Most faithfull did appeare,
 False semblance came in plase,
 By jealousie attended,
 And with a double face
 Both love and fancie blended ;
 Which make the Gods forsake,
 And men from fancie flie,
 And maidens scorne a make,
 For sooth, and so will I.

Downe a downe,
 Thus Phyllis sung,
 By fancie once distressed :
 Who so by foolish love are stung
 Are worthily oppressed,
 And so sing I, with downe, a downe, a downe a.

Montanus, hearing the cruell resolution of Phoebe, was so overgrowne with passions, that from amorous ditties he fel flat into these tearmes : Ah, Phoebe, quoth he, wherof art thou made, that thou regardest not thy maladie ? Am I so hatefull an object that thine eyes condemne mee for an abject ? or so base, that thy desires cannot stoope so low as to lend me a gratiuous looke ? My passions are many, my loves more, my thoughts loyaltie, and my fancie faith : al devoted in humble devoire to the service of Phoebe ; and shall I reape no reward for such fealties ? The swaines dayly labours is quit

with the evenings hire, the ploughmans toyle is eased with the hope of corne, what the ox sweates out at the plough, he fatneth at the cribbe; but infortunate Montanus hath no salve for his sorrowes, nor any hope of recompence for the hazard of his perplexed passions. If, Phœbe, time maye plead the prooffe of my truth, twise seaven winters have I loved faire Phœbe: if constancie be a cause to further my sute, Montanus thoughts have beene sealed in the sweete of Phœbes excellence, as far from change as she from love: if outward passions may discover inward affections, the furrows in my face may discover the sorrows of my heart, and the mappe of my looks the griefs of my mind. Thou seest (Phœbe) the teares of despayre have made my cheeks full of wrinckes, and my scalding sighes have made the ayre eccho her pittie conceived in my plaintes: Philomele hearing my passions, hath left her mournfull tunes to listen to the discourse of my miseries. I have pourtrayed in every tree the beauty of my mistres, and the despaire of my loves. What is it in the woods cannot witnes my woes? and who is it would not pittie my plaints? only Phœbe. And why? Because I am Montanus, and she Phœbe: I a worthles swaine, and she the most excellent of all faires. Beautifull Phœbe! oh, might I say pittifull, then happy were I, though

I tasted but one minute of that good hap. Measure Montanus, not by his fortunes, but by his loves, and ballance not his wealth, but his desires, and lende but one gracious looke to cure a heape of disquieted cares. If not, ah! if Phœbe cannot love, let a storme of frownes end the discontent of my thoughts, and so let me perish in my desires, because they are above my deserts: onely at my death this favour cannot be denied me, that al shal say Montanus died for love of hard hearted Phœbe. At these wordes she fild her face full of frowns, and made him this short and sharpe reply.

Importunate shepheard, whose loves are lawlesse, because restlesse, are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale them with patience? or art thou so folly-sicke, that thou must needes be fancie-sicke, and in thy affection tyed to such an exigent, as none serves but Phœbe? Well, sir, if your market can be made no where els, home againe, for your mart is at the fayrest. Phœbe is no lettice for your lips, and her grapes hang so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet, Montanus, I speake not this in pride, but in disdaine: not that I scorne thee, but that I hate love; for I count it as great honor to triumph over fancie as over fortune. Rest thee content therefore, Montanus: cease from thy

loves, and bridle thy lookes, quench the sparkles before they grow to a further flame; for in loving mee thou shalt but live by losse, and what thou utterest in wordes are all written in the wind. Wert thou (Montanus) as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as loving as Leander, Phoebe could not love, because she cannot love at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phoebus, I must flie with Daphne.

Ganimede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phoebe, but starting from behind the bush said: And if, damzell, you fled from mee, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phoebe at this sodaine reple was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, she would have bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepherdesse, so faire and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coynesse maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take heed, faire nymph, that in despising love, you be not over-reacht with love, and in shaking off all, shape yourselfe to your owne shadow, and so with Narcissus prove passionat and yet unpitied. Oft have I heard,

and sometime have I seene, high disdaine
turnd to hot desires. Because thou art beau-
tiffull be not so coy : as ~~there~~ is nothing more
fair, so there is nothing more fading ; as mo-
mentary as the shaddowes which growes from a
cloudy sunne. Such (my faire shepheardesse)
as disdaine in youth desire in age, and then are
they hated in the winter, that might have been
loved in the prime. A wringled mayd is like
to a parched rose, that is cast up in coffers to
please the smell, not worne in the hand to con-
tent the eye. There is no folly in love to had
I wist, and therefore be rulde by mee. Love
while thou art yoong, least thou be disdained
when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be
recalde, and if thou love, like of. Montanus ; for
if ~~his~~ desires are many, so his deserts are great.

Phoebe all this while gazed on the perfection
of Ganimede, as deeply enamored on his per-
fection as Montanus inveigled with hers ; for
her eye made survey of his excellent feature,
which she found so rare, that she thought the
ghost of Adonis had leapt from Elizium in the
shape of a swaine. When she blusht at her
owne folly to looke so long on a stranger, she
mildely made answer to Ganimede thus. I
cannot deny, sir, but I have heard of love,
though I never felt love ; and have read of such
a goddesse as Venus, though I never sawe any

but her picture ; and, perhaps,—and with that shee waxed red and bashfull, and with all silent : which Ganimede perceiving, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the mayd, and desired her to go forward. And perhaps, sir (quoth she), mine eye hath been more prodigal to day than ever before : and with that she stayd againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed. Aliena seeing the hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle, but in vaine ; for at this abrupt period she broke off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face covered with a vermillion die, she sat downe and sighed. Whereupon Aliena and Ganimede, seeing the shepheardesse in such a straunge plight, left Phoebe with her Montanus, wishing hir friendly that she would be more pliant to Love, least in penance Venus joyned her to some sharpe repentance. Phoebe made no reply, but fetcht such a sigh, that Eccho made relation of hir plaint, giving Ganimede such an adieu with a piercing glance, that the amorous girle-boy perceived Phoebe was pincht by the heele.

But leaving Phoebe to the follies of her new fancie, and Montanus to attend uppon her, to Saladyne, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena, insomuch that he framed a sweet conceited sonnet to content his humor, which hee put in his bosome, being

requested by his brother Rosader to go to Aliena and Ganimedé, to signify unto them that his woundes were not dangerous. A more happy message could not happen to Saladyne, that taking his forrest bill on his neck, he trudgeth in all haste towardes the plaines where Alienaes flockes did feede, comming just to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phœbe. Fortune so conducted this jolly forrester, that he encountred them and Coridon, whom hee presently saluted in this maner.

Faire shepheardesse, and too faire, unless your beautie be tempred with curtesie, and the liniaments of the face graced with the lowlinesse of mynd, as many good fortunes to you and your page, as your selves can desire or imagine. My brother Rosader (in the grief of his green wounds stil myndful of his friends) hath sent me to you with a kynd salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious in whose defence hee received the prejudice. The report of your welfare will be a great comfort to his distempered body and distressed thoughts, and therefore he sent me with a strickt charge to visite you. And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome in that you are messenger from so kynd a gentleman, whose paines we compassionate with as great sorrow as he brookes them

with griefe; and his wounds breeds in us as many passions as in him extremities, so that what disquiet he feeles in bodie, we partake in heart, wishing (if wee might) that your mishap might salve his malady. But seeing our wils yeelds him litle ease, our orizons are never idle to the gods for his recovery. I pray, youth, (quoth Ganimede with teares in his eyes) when the surgion searcht him, held hee his woundes dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladyne) but, not mortall, and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: whereupon my brother hopes within these ten dayes to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede) say his Rosalynde commends her to him, and bids him be of good cheare. I know not (quoth Saladyne) who that Rosalynde is, but whatsoever shee is, her name is never out of his mouth, but amidst the deepest of his passions hee useth Rosalynde as a charme to appease all sorrowes with patience; insomuch that I conjecture my brother is in love, and shee some paragon that holdes his heart perplexed, whose name he oft records with sighes, sometimes with teares, straight with joye, then with smiles; as if in one person Love had lodged a chaos of confused passions. Wherin I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, that lyke the polype in

colours, so it changeth into sundry humors, being as it should seeme, a combat myxt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice, lyke to the sinople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infects the taste.

By my fayth (quoth Aliena) sir, you are deep read in love, or growes your insight into affection by experience? howsoever, you are a great philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discover our secret aphorismes. But, sir, our countrey amours are not lyke your courtly fancies, nor is our wooing lyke your suing; for pore shepheards never plaine them till love paine them, where the courtiers eyes is full of passions, when his heart is most free from affection: they court to discover their eloquence, wee wooe to ease our sorrowes: every faire face with them must have a new fancy sealed with a fore-finger kisse, and a farre fetcht sigh: we heere love one, and live to that one, so long as life can maintaine love, using few ceremonies, because we know fewe subtilties, and litle eloquence, for that we lightly accompt of flattery: onely faith and troth, thats shepheards wooing; and, sir, how lyke you of this? So (quoth Saladyne) as I could tie my self to such love. What, and looke so low as a shepheardesse, being the sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux? such

desires were a disgrace to your honors. And with that surveying exquisitely every part of him, as uttering all these wordes in a deepe passion, she espied the paper in his bosom ; wherupon growing jealous that it was some amorous sonnet, she sodeinly snacht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were anye secret ? She was bashfull, and Saladyne blusht, which she preceiving, sayd : Nay then, sir, if you waxe redde, my life for yours tis some love matter. I will see your mistresse name, her praises, and your passions : and with that she lookt on it, which was written to this effect.

SALADYNES SONNET.

If it be true, that heavens eternall course
 With restlesse sway and ceaseless turning glides ;
 If aire inconstant be, and swelling sourse
 Turne and returns with many fluent tides ;
 If earth in winter summer pride estrange,
 And nature seemeth onely faire in change ;

If it be true, that our immortall spright,
 Derivde from heavenly pure, in wandring still
 In noveltie and strangenesse doth delight,
 And by discoverent power discerneth ill ;
 And if the body for to worke his best
 Doth with the seasons change his place of rest ;

Whence comes it that (inforst by furious skies)
 I change both place and soyle, but not my hart,
 Yet salve not in this change my maladies ?
 Whence growes it that each object workes my smart ?

Alas, I see my faith procures my misse,
And change in love against my nature is.
Et florida pungunt.

Aliena having read over his sonnet, began thus pleasantly to descant upon it. I see, Saladyne (quoth she), that as the sun is no sun without his brightnesse, nor the diamond accounted for precious unlesse it be hard, so men are not men unless they be in love; and their honors are measured by their amours, not their labors, counting it more commendable for a gentleman to be full of fancy, than full of vertue. I had thought

Otia si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus,
Contemptæque jacent, & sine luce faces:

But I see Ovids axiome is not authentically, for even labour hath her loves, and extremitie is no pumice stone to race out fancy. Yourselfe exiled from your wealth, friendes, and country by Torismond, (sorrows inough to suppress affections) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, Love will be lord, and shew his power to bee more predominant than fortune. But I pray you, sir, (if without offence I may crave it) are they some new thoughts, or some olde desires? Saladyne (that now saw opportunitie pleasant) thought to strike while the yron was hotte, and therefore taking Aliena by the hand,

sate downe by her ; and Ganimede, to give them leave to their loves, found her selfe busie about the foldes, whilst Saladyne fell into this prattle with Aliena.

Fair mistresse, if I be blunt in discovering my affections, and use little eloquence in levelling out my loves, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that say, shepherds use few ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselves with few subtilties. To frame my selfe therefore to your country fashion with much faith and little flattery, know, bewtifull shepheardesse, that whylest I lived in the court I knew not loves comber, but Thelde affection as a toy, not as a malady ; using fancy as the Hiperborei doo their flowers, which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them in the fire for fuell at night. I lyked all, because I loved none, and who was most faire, on her I fed mine eye ; but as charily as the bee, that assoone as shee hath suckt honny from the rose, flies straight to the next marigold. Living thus at mine owne list, I wondred at such as were in love, and when I read their passions, I tooke them onely for poemes that flowed from the quicknesse of the wyt, not the sorrowes of the heart. But now (faire nymph) since I became a forrester, Love hath taught me such a lesson that I must confesse his deitie and dignitie, and saie as there is

nothing so pretious as beuty, so there is nothing more piercing than fancy. For since first I arrived at this place, and mine eye tooke a curious survey of your excellence, I have been so fettered with your beautie and vertue, as (sweet Aliena) Saladyne without further circumstance loves Aliena. I could paynt out my desires with long ambages; but seeing in many words lyes mistrust, and that truth is ever naked, let this suffice for a country wooing, Saladyne loves Aliena, and none but Aliena.

Although these wordes were most heavenly harmony in the eares of the shepheardesse, yet to seeme coye at the first courting, and to disdain love howsoever she desired love, she made this reply.

Ah, Saladyne, though I seeme simple, yet I am more subtile than to swallow the hooke because it hath a painted bayt: as men are wily so women are wary, especially if they have that wyt by others harmes to beware. Do we not know, Saladyne, mens toongs are like Mercuries pipe, that can enchant Argus with an hundreth eyes? and their words are prejudiciall as the charmes of Circes, that transforme men into monsters. If such syrens sing, we poore women had need stoppe our eares, least in hearing wee prove so foolish hardy as to believe them, and so perish in trusting much, and suspecting litle.

Saladyne, *piscator ictus sapit*, hee that hath been once poisoned, and afterwards fears not to bowse of every potion, is worthy to suffer double penance. Give mee leave then to mistrust, though I doo not condemne. Saladyne is now in love with Aliena, hee a gentleman of great parentage, shee a shephardesse of meane parents; he honorable, and shee poore: Can love consist of contrarieties? Wyll the fawlcon pearch with the kistrelle, the lyon harbor with the wolfe? Will Venus joyne roabes and rags together, or can there be a sympathie betweene a king and a begger? Then, Saladyne, how can I believe thee that love should unite our thoughts, when fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrees? but suppose thou likest Alienaes bewtie: men in their fancy resemble the waspe, which scornes that flower from which she hath fetcht her waxe; playing lyke the inhabitants of the iland Tenerifa, who, when they have gathered the sweet spices, use the trees for fuell: so men, when they have glutted themselves with the faire of women faces, holde them for necessary evils, and wearied with that which they seemed so much to love, cast away fancy as children doo their rattles, and loathing that which so deeply before they liked; especially such as take love in a minute, and have their eyes attractive, lyke jeate apt to entertaine any

object, are as redie to let it slip againe. Saladyne, hearing how Aliena harpt still upon one string, which was the doubt of mens constancy, he broke off her sharpe invective thus.

I grant, Aliena (quoth hee), many men have done amisse, in proving soone ripe and soone rotten; but particular instances inferre no generall conclusions, and therefore I hope what others have faulted in, shall not prejudice my favours. I wil not use sophistry to confirme my love, for that is subiltie; nor long discourses, least my wordes might be thought more than my fayth: but if this will suffice, that by the honor of a gentleman I love Aliena, and wooe Aliena, not to crop the blossomes and reject the tree, but to consumate my faithfull desires in the honorable ende of marriage.

At the word marriage Aliena stood in a maze what to answeare, fearing that if shee were too coy, to drive him away with her disdaine, and if she were too curteous, to discover the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doo, at last this she sayd. Saladyne, ever since I saw thee, I favoured thee; I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughtes, and in liking thee I love thee so farre as mine honor holdes fancy still in suspence; but if I knew thee as verteous as thy father, or as well qualified as thy brother

Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided : but for this time to give thee an answer, assure thy selfe this, I will either marry with Saladyne, or still live a virgine. And with this they strained one anothers hand ; which Ganimede espying, thinking hee had had his mistresse long inough at shrift, sayd : What, a match or no ? A match (quoth Aliena) or els it were an ill market. I am glad (quoth Ganimede) : I wold Rosader were wel here to make up a messe. Well remembred (quoth Saladyne) ; I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone, and therefore least, being solitary hee should encrease his sorrowes, I wil hast me to him. May it please you, then, to command mee any service to him, I am readie to bee a dutifull messenger. Onely at this time commend me to him (quoth Aliena) and tell him, though wee cannot pleasure him we pray for him. And forget not (quoth Ganimede) my commendations ; but say to him that Rosalynd sheds as many teares from her heart as he drops of blood from his wounds, for the sorrow of his misfortunes, feathering all her thoughts with disquiet, till his welfare procure her content. Say thus (good Saladyne), and so farwel. He having his message, gave a courteous adieu to them both, especially to Aliena, and so playing loath to depart, went to his brother. But Aliena, she perplexed and yet

joyfull, past away the day pleasantly, still praising the perfection of Saladyne, not ceasing to chat of her new love till evening drew on ; and then they folding their sheep, went home to bed. Where we leave them and return to Phœbe.


Phœbe, fiered with the uncouth flame of love, returned to her fathers house, so gauled with restlesse passions, as now shee began to acknowledge, that as there was no flower so fresh but might be parched with the sunne, no tree so strong but might be shaken with a storme, so there was no thought so chaste, but time armed with love could make amorous ; for shee that held Diana for the goddesse of her devotion, was now faine to flie to the aulter of Venus, as suppliant now with praiers, as she was froward afore with disdaine. As shee lay in her bed, shee called to mynd the several bewties of yoong Ganimede : first his locks, which being amber hued, passeth the wreath that Phœbus puts on to make his front glorious : his browe of yvorie was like the seate where love and majestie sits inthronde to enchaine fancy : his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heaven, darting forth frowns with disdaine, and smiles with favour, lightning such lookes as would enflame desire, were she wrapt in the circle of the frozen zoane : in his cheekes the vermillion teinture of the rose florished upon naturall

alabaster, the blushe of the morne and Lunaes silver shoue were so lively pourtrayed, that the Trojan that filles out wine to Jupiter was not halfe so bewtifull: his face was full of pleasance, and al the rest of his liniaments proportioned with such excellence, as Phœbe was fettred in the sweetnes of his feature. The idea of these perfections tumbling in her mynde made the poore shepheardesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempred with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixed with a content, shee rather wished to die than to live in this amorous anguish. But wishing is litle worth in such extreames, and therefore was she forst to pine in her malady, without any salve for her sorrows. Reveale it she durst not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretarie; and to conceale it, why, it doubled her grieft: for as fire supprest growes to the greater flame, and the current stopt to the more violent streame, so love smothered wrings the hart with the deeper passions.

Perplexed thus with sundry agonies, her food began to faile, and the disquiet of her mind began to worke a distemperature of her body, that, to be short, Phœbe fell extreme sicke, and so sicke as there was almost left no recovery of health. Her father, seeing his faire Phœbe thus distrest, sent for his friends, who sought by

medecine to cure, and by counsaile to pacifie, but all in vaine; for although her body was feeble through long fasting, yet did shee *magis ægrotare animo quàm corpore*. Which her friends perceyved and sorrowed at, but salve it they could not.

The newes of her sicknesse was bruted abroad through all the forrest, which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but hee, like a mad man, came to visit Phœbe. Where sitting by her bed side he began his exordium with so many teares and sighes, that she, perceiving the extremitie of his sorrows, began now as a lover to pittie them, although Ganimede helde her from redressing them. Montanus craved to know the cause of her sicknesse, tempred with secret plaints, but she answered him (as the rest) with silence, having still the forme of Ganimede in her mind, and conjecturing how she might reveale her loves. To utter it in wordes she found her selfe too bashfull; to discourse by any friend shee would not trust any in her amours; to remain thus perplexed still, and conceale all, it was a double death. Whereupon, for her last refuge, she resolved to write unto Ganimede, and therfore desired Montanus to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for she would see if she could steale a nappe. Hee was no sooner gone out of the chamber, but reaching



to her standish, shee tooke penne and paper,
and wrote a letter to this effect.

PHOEBE TO GANIMEDE, WISHETH WHAT
SHE WANTS HER SELFE.

Faire shepheard (and therefore is Phoebe
infortunate, because thou art so faire), although
hitherto mine eyes were adamants to resist love,
yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became
amorous to intertaine love; more devoted to
fancie, than before they were repugnant to
affection, addicted to the one by nature, and
drawn to the other by beauty: which being
rare, and made the more excellent by many
vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phoebe,
as shee restes at thy mercie, either to bee made
the most fortunate of all maydens, or the most
miserable of all women. Measure not, Gani-
mede, my loves by my wealth, nor my desires
by my degrees; but thinke my thoughts as full
of faith, as thy face of amiable favors. Then,
as thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull, sup-
pose me most constant. If thou deemest mee
hard harted because I hated Montanus, think
I was forst to it by fate: if thou saist I am kind
hearted, because so lightly I loved thee at the
first looke, think I was driven to it by desteny,
whose influence, as it is mighty, so is it not to

be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate love, I would strive with fortune : but he that wrests against the will of Venus, seekes to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorn by putting in another. If then, Ganimede, love enters at the eye, harbours in the heart, and wil neither be driven out with phisicke nor reason, pittie mee, as one whose malady hath no salve but from thy sweet self, whose grieve hath no ease but through thy grant ; and think I am a virgin who is deeply wrongd when I am forst to woo, and conjecture love to be strong, that is more forceable then nature. Thus distressed unless by thee eased, I expect either to lyve fortunate by thy favour, or die miserable by thy denyall. Living in hope. Farewell.

She that must be thine,
or not be at all,

PHOEBE.

To this letter she annexed this sonnet.

SONNETTO.

My boate doth passe the straights
Of seas incenst with fire,
Filde with forgetfulnesse :
Amidst the winters night,
A blind and carelesse boy
(Brought up by fond desire)
Doth guide me in the sea
Of sorrow and despight.

For every oare he sets
 A ranke of foolish thoughts,
 And cuts (instead of wave)
 A hope without distresse :
 The winds of my deepe sighes
 (That thunder still for noughts)
 Have split my sayles with feare,
 With care and heavinesse.

A mightie storme of teares,
 A blacke and hideous cloude,
 A thousand fierce disdaines
 Doe slacke the haleyards oft :
 Till ignorance doe pull,
 And error hale the shrowds,
 No starre for safetie shines,
 No Phœbe from aloft.

Time hath subdued art, and joy is slave to woe :
 Alas (Loves guid) be kind ! what, shall I perish so ?

This letter and the sonnet being ended, she could find no fit messenger to send it by, and therefore she called in Montanus, and intreated him to carry it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus (saw day at a little hole) and did perceive what passion pinched her, yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his mistresse in all service) he dissembled the matter, and became a willing messenger of his owne martyrdom. And so (taking the letter) went the next morne very earlie to the plaines where Aliena fedde hir flocks, and there he found Ganimede, sitting under a pomegranade tree, sorrowing for the





THE DISCOURSE OF PHŒBES FANCIES

hard fortunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge delivered Ganimede the letters, which (he said) came from Phœbe. At this the wanton blusht, as being abasht to thinke what news should come from an unknowne shepheardesse; but taking the letters, unript the seales, and read over the discourse of Phœbes fancies. When she had read and over-read them Ganimede beganne to smile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter, and with that called Aliena, to whome shee shewed the writings. Who, having perused them, conceipted them very pleasantly, and smiled to see how love had yokt her, who before would not stoop to the lure. Aliena whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying, Knew Phœbe what want there were in thee to performe her will, and how unfit thy kind is to be kind to her, she would be more wise, and lesse enamoured; but leaving that, I pray thee let us sport with this swaine. At that word Ganimede, turning to Montanus, began to glaunce at him thus.

I pray thee, tell me, shepheard, by those sweet thoughts and pleasing sighes that grow from my mistresse favours, art thou in love with Phœbe? Oh, my youth, quoth Montanus, were Phœbe so farre in love with me, my flocks would be more fatte, and their maister more

quiet ; for through the sorrows of my discontent growes the leannesse of my sheepe. Alas, poore swaine, quoth Ganimede, are thy passions so extreame, or thy fancie so resolute, that no reason wil blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou strivest for without hope? Nothing can make me forget Phœbe, while Montanus forget himselfe ; for those characters which true love hath stamped, neither the envie of time nor fortune can wipe away. Why but, Montanus, quoth Ganimede, enter with a deep insight into the despaire of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies ; for (poore man) thy progresse in love is a regresse to losse, swimming again the streame with the crab, and flying with Apis Indica against wind and weather. Thou seekest with Phœbus to win Daphne, and shee flies faster than thou canst follow : thy desires soare with the hobbie, but her disdain reacheth higher than thou canst make wing. I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone, and roavest at such a marke with thy thoughts, as is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to love, when love is pittillesse, and thy malady remedillesse. For prooffe, Montanus, read these letters, wherein thou shalt see thy great follyes and little hope.

With that Montanus tooke them and perused

them, but with such sorrow in his lookes, as they bewrayed a sourse of confused passions in his heart: at every line his colour changed, and every sentence was ended with a period of sighes.

At last, noting Phœbes extreame desire toward Ganimede, and her disdain towards him, giving Ganimede the letter, the shepheard stood as though he had neyther won nor lost. Which Ganimede perceiving wakened him out of his dreame thus: Now, Montanus, doest thou see thou vowest great service and obtainest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyaltie, she maketh thee, as Bellephoron, carry thine owne bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion wherein thou knowest is poyson: creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What, Montanus, there are many as faire as Phœbe, but most of all more courteous than Phœbe. I tell thee, shepheard, favour is loves fuell: then since thou canst not get that, lette the flame vanish into smoake, and rather sorrowe for a while then repent thee for ever.

I tell thee, Ganimede, (quoth Montanus) as they which are stung with the scorpion, cannot be recovered but by the scorpion, nor he that was wounded with Achilles lance bee cured but with the same truncheon, so Apollo was faine to cry out that love was onely eased with love, and

fancy healed by no medicine but favour. Phœbus had hearbs to heale all hurts but this passion : Cyrces had charms for all chances but for affection, and Mercurie subtile reasons to refell all griefs but love. Perswasions are bootles, reason lends no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such whome fancie hath made resolute ; and therefore though Phœbe loves Ganymede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phœbe.

Then, quoth Ganymede, may I rightly tearme thee a despairing lover, that livest without joy, and lovest without hope. But what shal I do, Montanus, to pleasure thee ? Shall I despise Phœbe, as she disdaineth thee ? Ah (quoth Montanus), that were to renew my griefs, and double my sorrows : for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas, Ganymede ! though I perish in my thoughts, let her not die in her desires. Of all passions, love is most impatient : then lette not so faire a creature as Phœbe sinke under the burden of so deepe distresse. Being love sicke, she is proved hart sicke, and all for the beautie of Ganymede. Thy proportion hath intangled her affections, and she is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. Then, sith she loves thee so deare, mislike not her deadly. Be thou paramour to such a paragon : she hath beauty to please thine eye, and flockes to enrich thy store. Thou canst not

wish for more than thou shalt win by her ; for she is beautifull, vertuous and wealthy, three deepe perswasions to make love frolicke. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the haire, and pleade that Ganimede ought to love Phœbe, when his onely life was the love of Phœbe, answered him thus. Why, Montanus, dost thou further this motion, seeing if Ganimede marry Phœbe thy market is cleane mard ? Ah, mistres (q. he) so hath love taught me to honour Phœbe, that I would prejudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire rather than shee should perish for want. It shall suffice me to see her contented, and to feed mine eye on her favour. If she marry, though it bee my martyrdome, yet if she be pleased I wil brooke it with patience, and triumph in mine owne stars to see her desires satisfied. Therefore, if Ganimede be as courteous as he is beautifull, let him shew his vertues in redressing Phœbes miseries. And this Montanus pronounst with such an assured countenance, that it amazed both Aliena and Ganimede to see the resolution of his loves ; so that they pitied his passions and commended his patience, devising how they might by any subtiltie get Montanus the favour of Phœbe. Straight (as womens heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phœbe to fancie the shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her

minde: he prosecuted his policie thus. Montanus, quoth he, seeing Phoebe is so forlorne, least I might be counted unkind in not saluting so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phoebe, and there heare her selfe in word utter that which shee hath discourst with her pen; and then, as love wils mee, I will set downe my censure. I will home to our house, and send Coridon to accompany Aliena. Montanus ~~seemed glad~~ of this determination, and away ~~they~~ goe towards the house of Phoebe. When ~~they~~ drew nigh to the cottage, Montanus ran afore, and went in and told Phoebe that Ganimedee was at the doore. This word Ganimedee sounding in the eares of Phoebe, drave hir into such an extasie for joy, that rising up in her bed, she was halfe revived, and her wan colour began to waxe red: and with that came Ganimedee in, who saluted Phoebe with such a courteous looke, that it was half a salve to her sorows. Sitting him downe by hir bed side, he questioned about hir disease, and where the paine chiefly helde hir? Phoebe looking as lovely as Venus in her night gear, tainting her face with as ruddy a blush as Clitia did when shee bewrayed her loves to Phoebus, taking Ganimedee by the hande began thus. Faire Shepheard, if love were not more strong than nature, or fancie the sharpest extreame, my immodesty were the more, and my

vertues the les ; for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their harts full of feare, and theyr tongs ful of silence ; but love, that imperious love, where his power is predominant, then he perverts all, and wrests the wealth of nature to his owne wil : an instance in my selfe, fayre Ganimede, for such a fire hath he kindeled in my thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modesty, and seek a salve at thy hands for my harms. Blame me not if I be over bold, for it is thy beauty, and if I bee too forward it is fancie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that makes me thus fond ; for let me say in a word what may be contained in a volume, Phoebe loves Ganimede. At this shee held downe her head and wept, and Ganimede rose as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Water not thy plants, Phoebe, for I do pity thy complaints, nor seek not to discover thy loves in teares, for I conjecture thy truth by thy passions : sorrow is no salve for loves, nor sighs no remedy for affection. Therefore frolick, Phoebe ; for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it greeves me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires have been so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall. But thou alledgest that thou art forst from him by fate : so I tell thee, Phoebe,

either some starre, or else some destenie, fittes my mind, rather with Adonis to die in chase, than be counted a wanton on Venus knee. Although I pitie thy martyrdome, yet I can grant no marriage ; for though I held thee fair, yet mine eie is not fettred. Love grows not, like the hearb spattanna, to his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snaile, and yet at last attaines to the top. Festina lente, especially in love, for momentary fancies are oftentimes the fruits of follies. If, Phœbe, I should like thee as the Hiperborei do theyr dates, which banket with them in the morning and throw them away at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more. Therefore I wil have time to turn my thoghts, and my loves shall growe up as the water cresses, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus, Phœbe, thou maist see I disdaine not, though I desire not ; remaining indifferent til time and love makes me resolute. Therefore, Phœbe, seek not to suppressse affection, and with the love of Montanus quench the remembraunce of Ganimede : strive thou to hate mee as I seeke to like of thee, and ever have the duties of Montanus in thy minde, for I promise thee thou mayest have one more wealthy, but not more loyall. These wordes were corasives to the perplexed Phœbe, that sobbing out sighes, and straining out teares, she blubbered out these words.

And shall I then have no salve of Ganimedé but suspence, no hope but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be posted off to the will of Time? justly have the Gods ballanst my fortunes, who, being cruel to Montanus, found Ganimedé as unkind to my selfe: so in forcing him perish for love, I shall die my selfe with over-much love. I am glad, quoth Ganimedé, you looke into your own faults, and see where your shoo wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your owne passions. Truth, q. Phœbe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse towards the shepherd, that could I cease to love Ganimedé, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of Ganimedé, wil she then favour Montanus? When reason (quoth she) doth quench that love I owe to thee, then will I fancie him; conditionally, that if my love can bee supprest with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimedé will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe. I graunt it, faire shepherdesse, quoth he; and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe. And with that Ganimedé gave Phœbe a fruitlesse kisse, and such wordes of comfort, that before Ganimedé departed shee arose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus such cheare,

as could bee founde in such a country cottage, Ganimede in the midst of their banket rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus favour, which highly pleased the shepherd. Thus all three content, and soothed up in hope, Ganimede tooke his leave of Phœbe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poore Ganimede, who had her thoughtes on her Rosader, when she cald to remembrance his wounds, fild her eies full of teares, and her heart full of sorrowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the folds, thinking with her presence to drive away her passions. As she came on the plaines shee might espy where Rosader and Saladyne sat with Aliena under the shade; which sight was a salve to her grieve, and such a cordiall unto her heart, that shee tript alongst the lawnes full of joy.

At last Coridon, who was with them, spied Ganimede, and with that the clown rose, and, running to meet him, cried, Oh sirha, a match, a match! our mistres shal be married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolict it before Ganimede, who comming to the crue saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so wel recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which, on Sunday next, must bee solempnized betweene

my brother and Aliena. I see well where love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves where both the parties are willing. Truth, quoth Ganimede; but what a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd. Ah, good Ganimede (quoth he), by naming Rosalynd, renew not my sorrowes; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries. Tush; bee of good cheare, man, quoth Ganimede: I have a friend that is deeply experienst in negromancy and magicke; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I wil cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordring nation harbour her; and upon that take the faith of a yong shepheard. Aliena smilde to see how Rosader frownd, thinking that Ganimede had jested with him. But, breaking off from those matters, the page (somewhat pleasant) began to discourse unto them what had past between him and Phœbe; which as they laught, so they wondered at, all confessyng that there is none so chaste but love will change. Thus they past away the day in chat, and when the sun began to set they tooke their leaves and departed; Aliena providing for their marriage day such solemne cheare and handsome robes as fitted their country estate, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond

thither as a guest. Ganimede (who then ment to discover herselfe before her father) had made her a gowne of green, and a kirtle of the finest sendal, in such sort that she seemed some heavenly nymph harboured in country attire.

Saladyne was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader unmindfull to bid guests, who invited Gerismond and all his folowers to the feast, who willingly granted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to his marriage. In the mean while, Phoebe being a bidden guest made her self as gorgious as might be to please the eye of Ganimede; and Montanus suted himself with the cost of many of his flocks to be gallant against the day, for then was Ganimede to give Phoebe an answer of her loves, and Montanus either to heare the doome of his miserie, or the censure of his happinesse. But while this geare was a brewing, Phoebe past not one day without visiting her Ganimede, so far was she wrapt in the beauties of this lovely swaine. Much prattle they had, and the discourse of many passions, Phoebe wishing for the day (as she thought) of her welfare, and Ganimede smiling to thinke what unexpected events would fall out at the wedding. In these humors the weeke went away, that at last Sunday came.

No sooner did Phœbus hench-man appeare in

the skie, to give warning that his maisters horses should be trapt in his glorious coach, but Coridon, in his holiday sute marvellous seemely, in a russet jacket, welted with the same and faced with red worsted, having a paire of blew chamblet sleeves, bound at the wrists with foure yeolow laces, closed afore very richly with a dozen of pewter buttons ; his hose was of gray karsie, with a large sloppe bard over thwart the pocket holes with three faire gards, stitcht of either side with red threed ; his stock was of the owne, sewed close to his breech, and for to bewtifie his hose, he had trust himselfe round with a dozen of new thredden points in medley colour : his bonnet was greene, wheron stood a copper brooch with the picture of St. Denis ; and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old dayes, hee had a faire shyrt band of fine lockeram, whipt over with Coventry blew of no small cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed al the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floraes choyce bowers than any country cottage.

Thether repaired Phoebe with all the maides of the forrest, to set out the bride in the most seemliest sort that might bee ; but howsoever shee helpt to prancke out Aliena, yet her eye was still on Ganimede, who was so neat in a

sute of gray, that he seemed Endymion when he won Luna with his lookes, or Paris when he playd the swain to get the bewtie of the nymph CEnone. Ganimede, like a prettie page, waited on his mistresse Aliena, and overlookt that all was in a readines against the bridegroom shuld come, who, attired in a forresters sute, came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning, where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena and the rest of the country swains; Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choice of Saladyne, in that he had chosen a shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward bewties, being no lesse faire than seeming modest. Ganimede comming in, and seeing her father, began to blush, Nature woorking affects by her secret effects. Scarce could she abstain from teares to see her father in so low fortunes: he that was wont to sit in his royall pallaice, attended on by twelve noble peeres, now to be contented with a simple cottage, and a troupe of revelling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall made Ganimede full of sorrowes; yet, that she might triumph over fortune with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps, she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and verie reverently welcommed the king, not

according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such dilligence as Gerismond began to commend the page for his exquisit person and excellent qualities.

As thus the king with his forresters frolickt it among the shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire mazer full of sidar, and presented it to Gerismond with such a clownish salute that he began to smile, and tooke it of the old shepheard very kindly, drinking to Aliena and the rest of her faire maydes, amongst whom Phoebe was the formost. Aliena pledged the king, and drunk to Rosader : so the carowse went rounde from him to Phoebe, &c. As they were thus drinking and ready to goe to church, came in Montanus, apparalled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken : on his head hee wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, wheron was painted dispaire, and on his sheephooke hung two sonnets, as lables of his loves and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of grieve as his heart was of sorowes, shewing in his countenance the map of extremities. As soon as the shepheards saw him, they did him all the honor they could, as being the flower of all the swaines in Arden ; for a bonnier boy was there not seen since that wanton wag of Troy that kept sheep in Ida. He seeing the king, and gessyng it to be

Gerismond, did him all the reverence his country curtesie could afford ; insomuch that the king wondring at his attire, began to question what he was. Montanus overhearing him, made this reply :—I am, sir (quoth he), loves swaine, as ful of inward discontents as I seeme fraught with outward follies. Mine eyes like bees delight in sweet flowers, but sucking their fill on the faire of beauty, they carry home to the hive of my heart farre more gaul than hony, and for one drop of pure deaw, a tun full of deadly Aconiton. I hunt with the fly to pursue the eagle, that flying too nigh the sun, I perish with the sun : my thoughts are above my reach, and my desires more than my fortunes, yet neither greater than my loves. But daring with Phaeton, I fal with Icarus ; and seeking to passe the mean, I die for being so mean : my night sleeps are waking slombers, as full of sorrowes as they be far from rest ; and my dayes labors are fruitlesse amors, staring at a star and stombling at a straw, leaving reason to follow after repentance : yet every passion is a pleasure thogh it pinch, because love hides his wormeseed in figs, his poysons in sweet potions, and shadows prejudize with the maske of pleasure. The wisest counsellors are my deep discontents, and I hate that which should salve my harm, like the patient which stung with the tarantula loaths musick, and yet the disease

incurable but by melody. Thus (sir) restlesse I hold myselfe remediles, as loving without either reward or regard, and yet loving bicause there is none worthy to be loved but the mistresse of my thoughts. And that I am as full of passions as I have discourst in my plaintes, sir, if you please, see my sonnets, and by them censure of my sorrowes.

These wordes of Montanus brought the king into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit as at his attire, insomuch that he tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them to this effect.

MONTANUS FIRST SONNET.

Alas ! how wander I amidst these woods,

Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accesse ;

But where the melancholy fleeting floods

(Dark as the night) my night of woes expresse.

Disarmde of reason, spoilde of Natures goods,

Without redresse to salve my heavinesse

I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes),

With endles grief my heedles judgement charmes.

My silent tongue assailde by secret feare,

My traitrous eyes imprisoned in their joy,

My fatall peace devoured in fained cheare,

My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,

My reason robde of power by yeelding eare,

My fond opinions slave to every toy.

Oh, Love ! thou guide in my uncertaine way,

Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Et florida pungunt.

When the king had read this sonnet he highly commended the device of the shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shadow, and so covertly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent; affirming, that as the least shrubs have their tops, the smallest haire their shaddowes, so the meanest swaines had their fancies, and in their kynde were as charie of love as a king. Whetted on with this device, he tooke the second, and read it: the effects were these—

MONTANUS SECOND SONNET.

When the dog
Full of rage,
 With his irefull eyes
 Frownes amidst the skies,
The shepheard to asswage
 The fury of the heat,
 Himselfe doth safely seat
By a fount
Full of faire,
 Where a gentle breath
 (Mounting from beneath)
Tempreth the aire.
There his flocks
Drinke their fill,
 And with ease repose,
 Whilest sweet sleepe doth close
Eyes from toylsome ill;
But I burne
Without rest,

No defensive power
Shields from Phœbes lower :
Sorrow is my best.
Gentle Love,
Lowre no more :
If thou wilt invade
In the secret shade,
Labour not so sore
I my selfe
And my flocks,
They their love to please,
I my selfe to ease,
Both leave the shadie oakes :
Content to burne in fire,
Sith Love doth so desire.
Et florida pungunt.

Gerismond, seeing the pithy vaine of those sonets, began to make further enquiry what he was? whereupon Rosader discourst unto him the love of. Montanus to Phœbe, his great loyaltie and her deep crueltie, and how in revenge the gods had made the curious nymph amorous of yong Ganimede. Upon this discourse the king was desirous to see Phœbe, who being broght before Gerismond by Rosader, shadowed the beauty of her face with such a vermillion teinture, that the kings eyes began to dazle at the puritie of her excellence. After Gerismond had fed his lookes a while upon her faire, he questioned with her why she rewarded Montanus love with so little regard, seeing his

desertes were many, and his passions extreame? Phœbe, to make reply to the kings demaund, answered thus :—Love (sir) is charie in his lawes, and whatsoever hee sets downe for justice (bee it never so unjust), the sentence cannot be reverst : womens fancies lende favours not ever by desert, but as they are inforst by their desires ; for fancy is tied to the wings of fate, and what the starres decree, stands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wise, and womens ears are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charme of a pleasant toong, as Ulisses the melody of the Syrens. Montanus is bewtifull, and womens eyes are snared in the excellence of objects, as desirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the bee to suck on a sweet floure. Montanus is welthy, and an ounce of give me perswades a woman more than a pound of heare me. Danae was won with a golden shower, when she could not be gotten with all the intreaties of Jupiter. I tell you, sir, the string of a woman's heart reacheth to the pulse of her hand ; and let a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but she wil proove his hearts gold. Montanus is yoong, a great clause in fancies court : Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that Love yeelds ; and yet knowing all these perfections, I praise them, and wonder at

them, loving the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the destenies have set downe a contrary censure. Yet Venus, to ad revenge, hath given me wine of the same grape, a sip of the same sauce, and firing me with the like passion, hath crost me with as ill a penance; for I am in love with a shepherds swaine, as coy to mee as I am cruel to Montanus, as peremptory in disdain as I was perverse in desire; and that is (quoth she) Alienaes page, yong Ganimede.

Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede, who, knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the christall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse. The king noting well the phisnomy of Ganimede, began by his favours to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore? Because, Rosader (quoth hee), the favour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde. At this word Rosader sight so deeply, as though his heart would have burst. And whats the matter (quoth Gerismond) that you quite mee with such a sigh? Pardon me, sir (quoth Rosader), because I love none but Rosalynd. And upon that condition (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalynd were here, I would

this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde upon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salved all with secrecie; and Gerismond, to drive away his dumps, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phœbes love, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppress Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To that, q. Phœbe, I stand; for my love is so far beyond reason, as wil admit no persuasion of reason. For justice, q. he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand, q. Phœbe. And in your victory, q. Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortunes; for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loves monarch: if Phœbe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controversie, q. Gerismond, and then we will to church: therefore, Ganimede, let us heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a

while (quoth shee), and you shall see one in store.

In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forrest: upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented hir self at hir fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised.

Gerismond, seeing his daughter, rose from his seat and fel upon her necke, uttering the passions of his joy in watry plaints, driven into such an extasie of content, that he could not utter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and joyfull, I refer my selfe to the judgement of such as have experience in love, seeing his Rosalynd before his face whom so long and deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his spirites, and in most fatherly tearmes entertained his daughter Rosalynd, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader? So much, sir (quoth she) as there wants nothing

but your grace to make up the mariage. Why, then (quoth Gerismond) Rosader take her: shee is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptials. Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thankt the king, and imbraced his Rosalynde, who turning to Phœbe, demanded if she had shewen sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loves. Yea, quoth Phœbe, and so great a perswasive, that if it please you Madame and Aliena to give us leave, Montanus and I will make this day the thirde couple in marriage. She had no sooner spake this word, but Montanus threw away his garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted dispaire, and cast his sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolicke as Paris when he hanseled his love with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded that Montanus and Phœbe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladyne stand in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame began thus. Why how now, my Saladyne, all a mort? what melancholy, man, at the day of marriage? perchaunce thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy brothers high fortunes, and thyne owne base desires to chuse so meane a shepheardize. Cheare up thy hart, man; for this day thou shalt bee married to the



THE THIRD COUPLE IN MARRIAGE



daughter of a king; for know, Saladyne, I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortalemie Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising up, tooke Alinda in his armes, and said to Rosalynd, Is this that faire Alinda famous for so many vertues, that forsake her fathers court to live with thee exile in the country? The same, q. Rosalynde. Then, quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladyne, jolly forrester be frolick, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent: thou hast got a princesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. And she hath with her beauty won (quoth Saladyne) an humble servant, as full of faith as she of amiable favour. While every one was amazed with these comicall eventes, Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at church, and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed; where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden their mariages were solemnly solemnized. As soone as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readines. Dinner was provided, and the tables being spread, and the brides set downe by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladyne, and Montanus that day were servitors:

homely cheare they had, such as their country could afford, but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loves and fortunes. About mid dinner, to make them mery, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung this pleasant song.

CORIDONS SONG.

A blyth and bonny country lasse,
Heigh ho, the bonny lasse !
Sate sighing on the tender grasse
And weeping said, Will none come woo me ?
A smicker boy, a lyther swaine,
Heigh ho, a smicker swaine !
That in his love was wanton faine,
With smiling looks straight came unto her.

When, as the wanton wench espied,
Heigh ho, when she espied !
The meanes to make her selfe a bride,
She simpred smooth like bonny bell :
The swaine, that saw her squint eied kind,
Heigh ho, squint eyed kind !
His armes about her body twind,
And, faire lasse, how fare ye, well ?

The country kit said, Well, forsooth,
Heigh ho, well forsooth !
But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth that makes me crie :

Alas ! said he, what garres thy grief?
 Heigh ho, what garres thy grief?
 A wound, quoth she, without reliefe,—
 I fear a maid that I shall die.

If that be all, the shepheard said,
 Heigh ho, the shepheard said !
 He make thee wive it gentle mayd,
 And so recure thy maladie.
 Hereon they kist with many a oath,
 Heigh ho, with many a oath !
 And fore God Pan did plight their troath,
 And to the church they hied them fast.

And God send every pretie peate,
 Heigh ho, the pretie peate !
 That feares to die of this conceate,
 So kind a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon having thus made them merry, as they were in the midst of their jollitie, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine, was arived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond overhearing this newes, demaunded who it was ? It is, sir (q. Rosader) our middle brother, that lives a scholler in Paris ; but what fortune hath driven him to seek us out I know not. With that Saladyne went and met his brother, whom he welcommed with all curtesie, and Rosader gave him no lesse frendly entertainment: brought he was by his two brothers into the parlour where

they all sate at dinner. Fernandine, as one that knew as many maners, as he could points of sophistry, and was as wel brought up as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee, he did him what reverence belonged to his estate, and with that burst forth into these speaches. <Although (right mighty prince) this day of my brothers marriage be a daye of mirth, yet time craves another course; and therefore from dantie cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you, the sonnes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, leave off your amors and fal to arms: change your loves into lances, and now this day shew your selves valiant, as hitherto you have been passionate. For know, Gerismond, that harde by at the edge of this forrest the twelve peeres of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, troupt with a crue of desperate runnagates, is ready to bid them battaile. The armies are ready to joyne: therefore shewe thy selfe in the field to incourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and shew your selves as hardy soldiers as you have been harty lovers: so shal you for the benefit of your country, discover the idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honorable a parent. At this alarum, given him by Fernandine, Geris-

mond leapt from the boord, and Saladyne and Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. Nay (q. Gerismond) go with me: I have horse and armor for us all, and then, being well mounted, let us shew that we carry revenge and honor at our fauchons points. Thus they leave the brides full of sorrow, and especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father: hee, not returning a word because his hast was great, hied him home to his lodge, wher he delivered Saladyne and Rosader horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally led the way, not having ridden two leagues before they discovered where in a valley both the battailes were joyned. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the peeres fought, thrust in there, and cryed S. Denis! laying on such load upon his enemies, that he shewed how highly he did estimate of a crowne. When the peeres perceived that their lawful king was there, they grew more eager; and Saladyne and Rosader so behaved themselves, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the peeres were conquerors, Torismonds army put to flight, and himself slain in bataille. The peers then gathered themselves together, and saluted their king, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received with great joy of all the cittizens. Assoone as all was quiet, and

he had received againe the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalynd to the court, Alinda being very passionat for the death of her father, yet brooking it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne. Wel, assoone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royal feast for the peeres and lords of his land, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a parliament, by the consent of his nobles, he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdome: hee restored Saladyne to all his fathers land, and gave him the dukedome of Nameurs: he made Fernandine principall secretarie to himselfe; and that fortune might every way seeme frolicke, he made Montanus lord over all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon maister of Alindas flocks.

Heere, gentlemen, may you see in Euphues Golden Legacie, that such as neglect their fathers precepts, incur much prejudice; that division in nature, as it is a blemish in nurture, so tis a breach of good fortunes; that vertue is not measured by birth but by action; that yonger brethren, though inferiour in yeares, yet may bee superiour to honors; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amity betwixt brothers more forceable than fortune. If you gather any fruits by this legacie, speake wel of